

No. 367
MAY 23, 1908

BUFFALO BILL'S ASSISTANCE

**FIVE
CENTS**

THE

BUFFALO BILL

STORIES

A Weekly Publication devoted to Border History



STREET & SMITH PUBLISHERS NEW YORK

THE BUFFALO BILL

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION  DEVOTED TO BORDER LIFE

Issued Weekly. By subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second-class Matter at the N. Y. Post Office, by STREET & SMITH, 79-89 Seventh Ave., N. Y. Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1908, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

 **Beware of Wild West imitations of the Buffalo Bill Stories. They are about fictitious characters. The Buffalo Bill weekly is the only weekly containing the adventures of Buffalo Bill, (Col. W. F. Cody), who is known all over the world as the king of scouts.**

No. 367.

NEW YORK, May 23, 1908.

Price Five Cents.

Buffalo Bill's Assistance;

OR,

THE BROTHERS OF THE BOW=STRING.

By the author of "BUFFALO BILL."

CHAPTER I.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE CHIEF.

Finucane, chief of the San Francisco police, got up with a smile and stepped to the door of his private room. "Buffalo Bill, by all that's good! Well, well! this is a pleasure, and no mistake."

"Why," laughed the scout, taking the chief's outstretched hand, "you act as though you were not expecting me."

"You got my letter all right?"

"Sure; that reached me at Fort Apache. If it hadn't been for the letter I shouldn't be here."

"In the first place," went on the chief, "you're on the hike so much of the time I wasn't at all certain my letter would reach you; and then, in the next place, I didn't know but you would have your hands so full you wouldn't be able to come on here. Sit down; and, while you're sitting down, just burn one of these with me."

Pulling out a drawer in his desk, the chief offered him a box of cigars.

"I suppose," remarked the king of scouts, when comfortably seated and with his cigar going, "that this hurry-

up call of yours, chief, has some red-hot business at the back of it?"

"That's the way it stacks up."

"Government business?"

"Nothing less, Buffalo Bill, but it's a line of government business in which this municipality is vastly concerned. We're up against a lot of crafty, slant-eyed law-breakers, who are operating between 'Frisco and the Mexican line."

"Ah! Something in the Chink line, eh?"

"It's a Chinese graft entirely. We've got to cooperate with United States officials and do something to break up this extensive dealing in slaves."

"Slaves! That word has a gruesome sound in a free country like this."

"You're right about that. The whole business is contrary to the spirit of our institutions, and that is one reason why it's got to be broken up. Since that case of Yee Wong, the entire matter has come to a point where something has got to be done."

"What about Yee Wong?"

The scout's interest was only languid. He liked Indians far and away better than he did Chinamen—and that, of course, wasn't saying much for the yellow boys.

"What!" exclaimed Finucane. "Haven't you heard about the daughter of the big man over in the Flowery Kingdom?"

"Not a thing."

"The newspapers were full of it——"

"For a long while I have been in the wilds of Utah, and haven't been able to see a newspaper."

"That's so. Your work must keep you out of touch with the world a good share of the time, I reckon."

"That is the way of it, chief. Then, too, when I start in on a deal I can't think of much of anything else until the deal is wound up."

"Exactly! Your ability to concentrate your energies is what gives you your success. As to Yee Wong, she's a pretty Chinese girl from Shanghai, daughter of a mandarin, or something, who has the run of the Forbidden City in Peking. However the game was worked, none of us Americans have been able to quite figure out, but Yee Wong was spirited away from Shanghai, landed in some Mexican port on the Gulf of California, and smuggled into the United States. We have been watching this port, and other Pacific ports up and down the coast, like weasels for some time past. No Chinaman has been allowed to land until his photograph and his passport have been examined with a microscope. As for Chinese women who tried to get into the country, they have all been sent to one of the missions and then put aboard the first steamer bound for the Orient. But none of those who arrived and were sent back was Yee Wong."

"What makes you so sure she was brought into this country?"

"One of the yellow boys went to the Chinese consul and turned informer. Tau Kee is one of the big slave-dealers, and has made a mint of money. He was back of the Yee Wong affair, according to the informer. Yee Wong, with a dozen other young Chinese women, was brought up the Gulf of California and up the Colorado River to Yuma. Whether Tau Kee has been able to bring Yee Wong to 'Frisco or not we do not know. 'Frisco's Chinatown, as you are perhaps aware, is a mysterious place. The biggest part of it is underground. When a yellow fugitive, or a slave, reaches Chinatown, it is next to impossible for the police to do anything."

"If you could lay hands on the slave-dealer, Tau Kee——"

"Which is precisely what we can't do. Tau Kee may be lying low in some of those dismal underground holes, for all we know, or he may have his headquarters somewhere in the desert, or the mountains, hundreds of miles away from San Francisco. It is equally impossible for us to locate Yee Wong."

"Can't this informer give you any further help?"

"Not now," and the chief smiled grimly. "The next day after his first talk with the consul he was found in Yut Low Alley, with a knife in his heart. The Sam-sings had got him."

"The Sam-sings?" echoed the scout.

"Yes. They are the hired criminals and assassins who guard the slave-trade."

The king of scouts was thoughtful for a few moments. "It looks as though you had a hard job on your hands, chief," said he.

"It is a hard job, and no mistake. That is why I have called on you, Buffalo Bill."

"If you were dealing with Indians instead of Chinamen, perhaps I could be of some help; but I don't know

much about these yellow boys. I've met a few of the coolie class in the camps, mining over ground the whites have worked, and a few bazaar-men and laundrymen in the Chink quarters of various Southwestern towns, but that's as far as my knowledge of the Celestial goes."

"You can be a big help, all right," averred Finucane. "The principal work that confronts us is to find Yee Wong and send her back to her father. That will be an opening wedge, and, with that point successfully covered, I believe I can jump into the slave-trade and smash it single-handed."

"What do you want me to do?" asked the scout.

"Go to Yuma. That place must be Tau Kee's principal port of entry. Probably the old hatchet-boy himself is there. If you can't find Yee Wong, get Tau Kee by the heels and bring him on here. With the slave-dealer in my hands, I believe I can force him to tell me the whereabouts of Yee Wong."

The king of scouts sank back in his chair and gazed at the heap of ash gathering on the tip of his cigar. Should he, or should he not, mix up in this yellow conspiracy? Finucane watched him anxiously.

"You may have Indians to deal with, Buffalo Bill," spoke up the chief, "as well as Chinamen. From what the informer told the consul, Tau Kee has a force of Apaches and Mexicans helping him."

"This slave-trade must be profitable?" said the scout, lifting his eyes to the chief with sudden interest at the mention of Apaches.

"Immensely so," was the response. "I don't imagine, however, that Apaches or Indians charge overmuch for their services. Will you lend us a hand?"

"It's the government end of it that appeals to me," returned the scout. "Although the Chinese themselves have spirited Yee Wong away from her native country, yet we ought to be able to show these Orientals that the law, on this side of the water, is not entirely a dead letter."

Buffalo Bill knocked the ashes from his cigar into an ash-tray, and got up.

"I'll go to Yuma," he added, "and do what I can."

"Good!" said the chief, drawing a deep breath of satisfaction. "I feel, now, as though Yee Wong was as good as found."

"Don't bank on anything, Finucane," cautioned the scout. "You have sprung a new deal on me, and 'for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain' the Chinaman outclasses the Indian. However, I and my pard will do our best."

"Your pard?" echoed the chief.

"My trapper pard, Nick Nomad," explained the scout. "He came to 'Frisco with me, and is at our hotel in Geary Street."

"What hotel is it?"

"The Afton House."

"I will send some documents to the Afton House for you in the morning, Buffalo Bill. Among others, a transcript of the story told the consul by the informer and a photograph of Tau Kee. I must give you a word of warning, however. You have just spoken of the craftiness and guile of the Chinese: they are all that you believe them to be, and more. Their spies are everywhere. There is hardly a Chinese servant in all San Francisco who does not report to some one of the various tongs whatever he hears and thinks they ought to know. The Sam-sings have a serpentine cunning in keeping track of

the intentions and doings of the police. I have no doubt but that the Sam-sings know you and your pard are in the city, and that you have been called here by me to help recover Yee Wong. Keep your eyes skinned both ways for trouble, Buffalo Bill, both while you are in the city and while you are about your work in Yuma."

"I always do that," smiled the scout.

"I should hate mightily to have you or your pard found with a dagger in the breast or the blue mark of a bow-string about the throat."

"No Chinaman will ever steal such a march on us, Finucane," returned the scout confidently.

"I can't think so; but, if you should run into any trouble before leaving the city, call me up on the phone and I'll do what I can to help you. As soon as it is discovered that you are looking for Yee Wong—and it *will* be discovered, you may rest assured of that—the Sam-sings will get word to the Brothers of the Bow-string."

"And who," queried the scout, standing at the threshold with one hand on the door-knob, "are the Brothers of the Bow-string?"

"That is the name the Chinese have given to Tau Kee's followers. Their favorite weapon is a catgut string, or a silken cord."

"Stranglers, eh?"

"That's our name for them."

"Well, they'll have a time of it getting a bow-string around my throat. I'll look for those papers in the morning, chief, and will leave for Yuma some time during the day. You may expect a report from me any time within a couple of weeks. *Adios!*"

CHAPTER II.

NOMAD RISES TO A BAIT.

Old Nomad, the scout's trapper pard, was tilted back in a chair in front of the Afton House. It was nine o'clock, and Nomad was waiting for the scout to get back from his interview with the chief.

For a week, now, nothing of moment had come the way of the pards. As usual, at such times, the old trapper had begun to grow restive and discontented.

"A town like this hyar," he ruminated, "is too hefty fer Buffler an' me. A handful o' 'dobies, stuck on ther side o' a hill, is a big enough town fer anybody. What's ther use of er place so long an' wide ye kain't take er *pasear* around the block without gittin' lost? Waugh! An' thar ain't no excitement in these diggin's, as I kin find. When ther baron declined ter come ter Frisco with us, but went ter Yuma, I reckons his head was level. Ef I had et ter do over ag'in I'd hev stayed with him an'—"

Nomad suddenly cut short his reflections. A Chinaman had fluttered swiftly along the street and come to a halt in front of the hotel door, directly under the rays of an electric light.

The Chinaman was above the coolie class, that was certain. He had on a round, highbinder hat of black, dark-blue blouse and trousers, and gold-embroidered sandals. After hesitating a moment before the door, he turned to Nomad. A precautionary look had assured the

Chinaman that there were no other white man in front of the hotel.

"Exalted one," said the Celestial to the old trapper, "will your high nobleness give my despicable affairs your attention for a little?"

That was the best "pidgin" talk Nomad had ever heard from a pigtailed heathen. His curiosity was aroused in a flash, and a faint grin of amusement worked its way over his weather-beaten features.

"Ye're shore a bright one at slingin' ther Melican lingo," said he. "Whar did ye l'arn?"

"You are pleased to compliment my insignificant talents," said the Chinaman, wringing his hands. "I have learned the language of the white devils in the mission schools, and am now a clerk for the most honorable Yuen Chang, Chinese consul at this port. The consul has rewarded my degraded abilities with the office of interpreter."

"Sartinly ye're ther queerest Chink I ever met up with. But what's ther use o' underratin' yerself all ther time? Seems ter me like ye must be some persimmons among ther yaller boys, ef ye're able ter tork like thet an' hold down a job fer ther consul."

"I am the meanest of his servants," purred the other, "but I try to be faithful."

"Waal, what's ther ante?"

"My profound ignorance keeps me from understanding the sublime language of your nobleness."

"Thet's er long-winded way o' sayin' *no sabe*, eh?" laughed Nomad, greatly tickled. "Which I means ter ask what d'ye want? I might put aside my orful majesty long enough ter answer a question, I reckon."

"Tell me, then, where is the big high man called Cody? I must find him at once."

The trapper dropped his chair down on the walk at that, and began to take a deeper interest in the Chinaman.

"He ain't hyar. Why? What d'ye want him fer?"

"It is the consul, Yuen Chang, who wants him, and he wants him in a hurry." The interpreter tottered despairingly on his sandals. "Where is the big high man?" he asked.

"Gone fer a confab with ther chief o' perlice," replied the trapper.

The messenger threw the big sleeve of his blouse over his face in an agony of disappointment.

"Tough luck!" muttered the trapper.

"There is another, Illustrious," proceeded the Chinaman, dropping his arm, "who might help me. Can you refresh my contemptible intellect with a little knowledge concerning Nicholas Nomad, friend of the big high man?"

All these mouth-filling adjectives, coming from a black-hatted Chinaman, filled the trapper with growing mirth. This particular hatchet-boy was as good as a circus.

"Waal, neighbor," chuckled Nomad, "ye've run out one trail, anyways. I'm ther ombray thet travels with ther big high streak er lightnin' called Buffler Bill."

The interpreter gasped, and all but went down on his knees.

"For this," he breathed, "I will burn a dozen punk-sticks at the altar of Gow Dong."

"I ain't er keerin' how many punk-sticks ye burn," said Nomad, "purvidin' ye cut loose an' tell me what ye want."

"Will the Most Noble listen to his trifling servant?" continued the messenger.

"Waugh! Ain't I listenin'? Tear off yer langwidge, but don't strain yerself too much on them big words."

"The most honorable Yuen Chang wishes speech immediately with the big high man, Cody. The big high man is just now unfortunately absent; would, therefore, the illustrious Nomad accompany his despised guide to the home of the consul and take a message from him?"

"Why didn't ye bring ther message?"

"Such a miserable person is not to be trusted with the consul's important affairs."

"Kain't ye wait till Buffler comes back from perlice headquarters?"

"The matter is of such importance it cannot wait."

"Waal, seein' as how ye're ther cutest trick of er rat-eater I ever seen, I reckons I'll go ye oncet. Wait hyar a minit."

Nomad got up and started for the hotel door. The Chinaman stepped hastily toward him.

"The highly esteemed of the gods will not be long?" he asked.

"Et'll take me jest erbout er brace er shakes."

Thereupon the old trapper slid through the door. All the way up-stairs to the room occupied jointly by himself and the scout the trapper was chuckling to himself.

"Funniest yaller-mug I ever seen!" he guffawed, as he opened the door of the room and let himself in. "Whatever d'ye reckon ther consul wants ter tell Buffler? Mebby et has somethin' ter do with what ther chief er perlice is tellin' him. Anyways, I'm goin' ter find out. Things was gittin' monotonous fer me till thet highfalutin Chink showed up."

Nomad's revolver-belt was hanging on a bed-post. Pulling one of the weapons out of its holster, he slipped it into his hip pocket.

"Now I'm loaded fer b'ar," he thought, leaving the room and starting down-stairs again. "I ain't lookin' fer trouble, exactly, but ye kin gamble I ain't er dodgin' any."

As he repassed through the hotel entrance, he found the messenger silently awaiting him.

"Lead on, my festive friend," said the trapper.

The messenger started off through the gloom of the street, his sandals sliding noiselessly and swiftly over the pavements. Nomad, unfamiliar with the city, did not notice that they traveled by dimly lit byways, all but deserted.

The houses became shanties and pushed closer together. The two and three-story shanties had balconies, and back of the balconies, in the dim rays of paper lanterns, the old trapper more than once caught a glimpse of a barred window.

In this part of the town there was more life, a continuous chatter going up on every hand. Nowhere could Nomad see anything but Chinamen. They sat on benches, or in doorways, or stood in knots on the sidewalk. Coolies passed with heavy baskets swinging from carrying-poles. Paper banners fluttered at the shop-fronts. Over all was the indescribable odor to be found wherever Orientals thickly congregate—disagreeable to an American nose, although now and then made more bearable by the fumes of burning incense.

Steadily onward went the trapper's guide, picking his way unerringly along squalid streets and still more squalid alleys. Chinamen cleared the way before them, squinting their eyes at the white man as he passed.

"Looks like Chinktown in Phoenix," said Nomad to himself. "Et's takin' us er blame' long while ter find ther consul. I say, thar, Charley!" he called aloud.

The interpreter halted and turned.

"Speak, exalted highness," said the Chinaman.

"How much farther ye goin'? 'Pears like we was gittin' right inter ther heart o' Chinkdom."

"We have reached the Place of the Twenty Thousand Delights," said the Chinaman, "and here we find the consul."

He turned, mounted a short flight of steps, and entered a lighted doorway. Nomad followed, and presently found himself in a long, low room. The room was filled with Celestials, smoking, drinking tea, and playing *pi-gow*. Where the "twenty thousand delights" came in, Nomad was unable to understand. Several times, during that flight into the Chinese quarter, the grateful pressure of the revolver at his hip had reassured the trapper.

Maybe they were going to see the consul and maybe they weren't. Anyhow, old Nomad was having an adventure, and that was something he had been pining for. As long as the cute heathen in the black hat, with the high-strung way of expressing himself, was within arm's reach, Nomad wasn't doing much worrying. He had brought the trapper there and he would take him away again, even if he had to be prodded with the point of a forty-four.

The Chinaman cut across the low room and opened a door at the foot of a rickety stairway. Up the narrow, dimly lighted flight the trapper followed, his hand half pushed under the edge of his coat.

His guide halted at the head of the stairs, and, with his yellow palm, pressed sharply against the head of a rusty nail. A panel slid open in the wall, revealing a narrow corridor, dimly lighted, like the stairs.

"Enter, Illustrious," said the Chinaman, bowing and waving his hand.

"Not ef I'm onter my job I don't!" snorted Nomad. "I've follered ye, an' up ter now I hev'n't made no kick, but right hyar's whar I lays down. I didn't expect ter find ther consul livin' in no palace, but I'll bet my pile agin' er Chink wash-ticket he don't hev his quarters in no hole in ther wall like thet."

"You will find him in there," insisted the Chinaman.

"What ye' givin' us?" growled Nomad, flashing his revolver.

"Spawn of a jackal!" yelped the Chinaman, suddenly changing his manner. "What will you do with your white devil gun? Enter!"

"What'll I do with ther gun, ye rat-eater?" answered the old trapper hotly. "Watch my smoke, will ye, an'—"

He got that far, when there came a sudden rush from behind. In a twinkling he was hurled from his feet and pitched headlong through the secret door and into the corridor.

The brooding perils of Chinatown seemed about to close upon another "mystery."

CHAPTER III.

HUNTING FOR NOMAD.

It was ten o'clock that night before Buffalo Bill got back to the Afton House, after his interview with the chief. Nomad had said he would be up and waiting for him, but the trapper was not to be seen in front of the hotel or in the office.

"Probably he got tired waiting," thought the scout, "and turned in. Frisco is a big town, but it's a lonesome place for Nick. He'll be tickled out of his boots when I tell him we're to leave for Yuma to-morrow."

Passing up the stairs, the scout made his way to his room. One of the gas-jets was lighted and turned low. The old trapper was in neither of the two beds with which the room was furnished. From one of the beds hung his revolver-belt. The scout saw that one of the revolvers was missing.

"There's something here that I can't understand," thought Buffalo Bill. "Nick isn't in the hotel; he has gone away somewhere and taken one of his revolvers. Why did he go? That's the question."

Leaving the room, the scout went down to the office to make some inquiries of the night clerk. Yes, the clerk had seen Nomad go up-stairs to his room and then come down and go out again. He had left no word, and, consequently, the clerk had no idea where, or why, he had gone. While the scout was talking with the clerk, the telephone-bell rang.

"Somebody for you, Mr. Cody," called the clerk, turning away from the telephone.

Puzzled and perplexed, the scout had started across the office toward the outside door. At the call from the clerk, a thought darted through his mind that his pard was calling him up to report his whereabouts. In this, however, the scout was disappointed. The call had come from police headquarters.

"That you, Cody?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is Finucane. Where's your pard?"

"That's what I'm just trying to find out. When I got back here he had vanished—and taken one of his guns with him."

"It's as I feared, then. The Sam-sings have spotted both of you. It hasn't taken them long to begin their work."

"What do you mean? Have you heard anything about Nomad?"

"One of our Chink spies blew in here, a few minutes ago, with a story I didn't more than half believe; but, now that you tell me Nomad has mysteriously vanished, I'm inclined to take some stock in the yarn."

"Is he in danger?"

"The worst kind. I can't tell you very much over the phone, but I'm sending one of my best men hot-foot to help you out. Whatever is done will have to be done in a hurry. The man's name is Gordon. Wait there till he comes."

Finucane rang off abruptly. Buffalo Bill, even more perplexed than he had been before, left the telephone and began pacing the office.

It hardly seemed possible to him that the Sam-sings could have so quickly engineered a plot against his old pard. And yet, if Finucane's statement was to be believed, that is exactly what had happened.

While the scout was still pacing the office, a slender, sharp-eyed man came briskly in from the street. He carried a bundle under one arm. After taking a quick survey of the office, he walked straight to the scout.

"Buffalo Bill?" he queried, in a low voice.

"My name," answered the scout, giving his interlocutor a sharp look.

"I'm Gordon—from police headquarters. Are you armed?"

"I will be in a minute."

"Then hurry; we haven't much time to lose."

The scout went up to his room and buckled on his revolvers under his coat. When he came down, Gordon was waiting for him, and they left the hotel together.

"What's the matter with Nomad?" queried the scout.

"The Sam-sings baited a hook for him," answered Gordon, "and he rose to the bait."

"A spy reported that to you?"

"To the chief—yes. So far as Chinatown is concerned, the department wouldn't be able to do a thing if it wasn't for the Chink spies. This spy was in a hang-out known as the Place of the Twenty Thousand Delights. An old hatchet-boy went through the place with a white man in tow. The spy saw half a dozen Chinks get up from the tables, step out of their sandals, and creep after the two in their bare feet. The spy is a game 'un, so he kicked off his own sandals and went along with the rest of the Chinks."

"One of the foreign devils who is hunting Yee Wong," the spy overheard one of the Sam-sings say to the others. Then, from the foot of the stairs, the spy saw the Sam-sings creep up as noiselessly as shadows and throw the white man through a secret door in the wall. The spy waited for no more. He had to duck before the Sam-sings came down; and he didn't draw a long breath until he had reached the big stone yamen and told his little story to the chief.

"It couldn't have happened once in a thousand times that we'd have a spy right on the scene of such a knock-down. It's your luck, I reckon, Buffalo Bill, to have the thing turn out that way. We don't know for sure the white man was your pard, but it looks pretty probable."

"It wasn't thought best to bring a special detail. The less the Chinks know what you're about, the more success you're liable to have. For the same reason, we have left the gong-wagon out of our calculations. The moment it struck Chinatown the outposts would have scurried through the quarter and spread the news. It's you and I for it, Buffalo Bill, and we'll have to work like weasels."

"We can't hope to avoid being seen," said the scout.

"We've got to keep you from being recognized, at all events," answered Gordon. "If the Sam-sings found out you were in Chinatown, we'd be put to it to get you out alive."

"They're the boys for quick action, all right," returned the scout, "but I reckon they'd find I had quite a little to say in a show-down. It beats me how my old pard ever allowed himself to get lured away from the hotel."

"The yellow-mug that turned the trick is one of the smoothest articles that ever sat in at a round of fan-tan. He was educated in the missions, and he can throw the Melican talk like a college professor. Sin Dig is his name, and he's plumb full of sin, at that."

"How long ago was it that your spy saw Sin Dig leading Nomad through that room?"

"Not much more than an hour. A good many things may happen in an hour, though, in that part of town."

"Nomad wasn't born to cash in on any such deal as this," said the scout, with confidence. "The Chinamen will find they have trapped a hornet, and some of the Sam-sings are going to be sorry."

"All I hope is," said Gordon, "that we can find Nomad, and find him in time."

In following down Geary Street the scout and the officer had come to an open square. Here, in the shadow of a column upholding a golden ship, Gordon halted and began unwrapping his bundle.

"There's an old slouch-hat, a blouse, and a pair of breeches for you, Buffalo Bill," said he, speaking quickly and in a low tone, "and another outfit for myself. Put them on over your clothes. It might be well to take out one of your revolvers and carry it in the sleeve of your blouse."

The scout was more than pleased with Gordon's businesslike method of going about the work. He had laid his plans, it was evident, some time before he had reached the Afton House.

Buffalo Bill wadded up his hat and thrust it into the breast of his coat. His long hair he concealed neatly under the crown of the old slouch head-piece given him by the officer, and then got into the silk blouse and trousers. When he was ready, he had his right hand shoved into the left sleeve of his blouse, and his left hand shoved into the right sleeve. The fingers of his right hand, under the concealing silk, closed upon the butt of one of his forty-fives.

The officer had got into his own rig almost as quickly as had the scout.

"Of course," whispered Gordon, "we couldn't pass muster in any kind of light, but we're going to skulk along through the dark alleys."

"What's your plan, Gordon?" the scout inquired.

"We're going to the Place of Twenty Thousand Delights. By climbing a shed in the rear we can get into the second story through a window, and so to the hall with the secret door. Thanks to the information given by the spy, I know how to get through the door if we're ever fortunate enough to reach it. Follow me single file, Buffalo Bill, regular Oriental fashion. Take your cue from me and do just as I do."

They turned into a short thoroughfare known as Grant Avenue, followed it to the corner of Dupont Street, turned back along Bush Street for half a block, and then entered an alley.

A screeching babble of fiddles and tom-toms reached their ears from a neighboring Chinese theater. Gordon slouched along through the thick gloom, and Buffalo Bill followed tight at his heels.

They had not proceeded twenty steps along the alley before a figure upstarted, seemingly out of the very ground, directly in front of Gordon. There came a guttural challenge in Chinese. For answer, Gordon's fist shot out and the Chinaman tumbled backward with a yell.

"Quick, Buffalo Bill!" called Gordon, throwing himself on the prostrate form of the Chinaman. "We must get this fellow trussed up and gagged before any more of the Sam-sings attempt to interfere with us."

The scout sprang forward and went down on his knees.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PLACE OF TWENTY THOUSAND DELIGHTS.

"Is this fellow one of the Sam-sings?" queried the scout, holding a hand over the prisoner's mouth while Gordon fished two pieces of stout cord from an inner pocket.

"He was on outpost duty, and gave me the challenge of one of Tau Kee's Brothers of the Bow-string," returned the officer. "We're getting 'warm,' all right. The yellow rascal wouldn't be here if there wasn't something to watch."

Having bound the Chinaman wrist and ankle, Gordon tore off a piece of his blouse, twisted it into a rope, and tied it between his jaws. The luckless Sam-sing was thereupon dragged to one side of the alley and covered with one of a number of empty boxes which were piled there.

"He gave a loud yell," muttered Gordon, "but the pounding and squawking from that Chink playhouse was enough to drown it. Come on, Cody, and look sharp. A knife in the back is a common enough thing around here."

The detective flitted on down the alley, halting at last in the rear of a shed built at the back of a larger building. No lights shone from this side of the structure. Smothered voices, jabbering like magpies, came from somewhere within; and from in front drifted the sounds of a night's activity in Chinatown.

"Here's where we begin, Buffalo Bill," whispered the officer. "Give me a leg up."

The scout helped Gordon up until he reached the edge of the roof, and from there he climbed to a good foothold without difficulty. Bending down in his turn, Gordon gave the scout a lift to his side.

The roof of the shed was almost flat, and shivered perilously under the weight of the two men. On hands and knees they crept slowly and carefully to the upright.

There were three second-story windows within reach of the roof, but all were crossed with bars.

"Tough luck, Buffalo Bill," murmured the officer, opening his blouse and pulling a hatchet out of his belt. "We'll have to make some noise now if we're to get inside."

"This is the Place of Twenty Thousand Delights, is it?" queried the scout, as the officer worked.

"A Chinaman has a powerful imagination," returned Gordon.

"I should think so! Poor old Nick isn't enjoying many of the 'delights,' and I'll bet on it."

"It's about an even chance whether we find him alive or strangled."

The scout still continued sanguine regarding his old pard's prospects. He refused to take any stock in the ominous significance of the officer's words.

"We're going to find him," said Buffalo Bill confidently.

"I like your spirit, anyhow," said Gordon.

Then, having got the edge of his hatchet under one of the bars, he lay back on the handle with all his weight.

The bar came away with a rush. Had it not been for the scout's quickness in catching Gordon he would have turned a back somersault off the roof.

For half a minute the uproar had been tremendous.

The rickety roof shook and wobbled, and it looked for a moment as though it would surely fall and carry the two venturesome men down with it.

However, the shaking gradually ceased. Lying flat and listening, the scout and the officer waited for three or four minutes. At the end of that time, no evidence appearing that they had been overheard, they got up and went to work at the window again.

With one bar gone, they succeeded in bending the other upward, thus making a space large enough for them to crawl through.

The window on the other side of the bars was open. Gordon wriggled himself through first. Buffalo Bill, being wider in the shoulders, had some difficulty in following, but at last he managed to make it.

"Hist!" murmured Gordon.

As he and the scout stood silently by the window, the deep, stertorous breathing of a near-by sleeper struck on their ears.

How was it possible, the scout asked himself, for any man to stay asleep during the noise he and Gordon had made on the shed roof?

A match was carefully struck and the mystery was at once revealed.

The room in which the two white men found themselves was small, square, and destitute of furniture. On a straw mat, near one wall, a shriveled-faced Chinaman was stretched out. In his limp hand was a long, opium-smoker's pipe. On the floor near his head was a small lamp and a brass jar.

Gordon gave a grim laugh.

"No fear of *him*," said he; he's dead to the world. Now for the wall and that secret door."

Picking up the spirit-lamp, Gordon tried to light it. The alcohol had been burned out, however, and the lamp was useless.

"We may not need it, anyhow," went on Gordon, putting the lamp back where he had found it. "There's probably a light in the hall, but we'll be in unknown regions after we pass the secret door, and a thing like that would have come handy."

The scout had already groped his way to the door of the room. Softly opening it, he peered out.

A long, cheerless corridor stretched before him. It was feebly lighted by an oil-lamp hanging midway of its length.

The jabbering which he and Gordon had heard on the roof was louder now, and apparently came from a room at the front of the building and near the foot of the stairs.

"The passage is clear," whispered the scout.

"Then," returned the officer, "now's our time, and we'll have to work with a rush."

Out into the hall they went, Gordon taking the lead and giving close scrutiny to the right-hand wall as he approached the head of the stairs.

"The spy said that the trap works with a spring, and that a nail in the wall controls the mechanism," whispered the officer. "Watch at the head of the stairs, Buffalo Bill, while I hunt for the nail."

In that vile-smelling den, surrounded by many and unknown perils, the slow seconds were like minutes, and the minutes like hours.

Suddenly a wildly excited voice broke high over the chattering below. The chattering ceased, but the voice kept on with frantic intensity.

"It's the Chink we caught in the alley!" muttered Gordon. "He has either got loose himself, or some one has found him and set him free. I know the lingo, and he's telling them down there about it. If we can't get through this door, we're going to have the fight of our lives to get away."

The shrill voice below came to a halt. A chorus of fierce voices and a rush of feet followed.

"Maybe," said Buffalo Bill, "the Chink will take the mob to the alley——"

But, even as the scout spoke, the folly of his words became manifest. The Chinamen below were not rushing through the front or rear door of the house, but were crowding into the hallway at the foot of the stairs.

"They're coming!" the scout whispered, whirling about and making toward the officer.

"Here's the nail that operates the door," breathed Gordon huskily; "shall we go on, or make a run back to the alley——"

"We'll go on!" declared the scout. "If my old pard is in this hole, I'll either get him out or stay here with him. Open the door—quick!"

The Sam-sings were already clambering up the stairs as Gordon pushed against the nail. Push as hard as he would, the mechanism refused to work.

"It's secured—on the other side!" gasped Gordon.

"Break it down! Use your hatchet! I'll gain what time you need!"

Whirling back to the head of the stairs, Buffalo Bill grabbed the first Chinaman who reached the top, knocking a knife out of his hand and hurling him back on those behind.

The uproar of the mix-up that followed was terrific. The falling Chinaman, overtoppling those below, sent all to the foot of the flight in a shrieking tangle of arms, heads, and legs.

High above the clamor arose the sound of fierce blows rained on the panel in the wall.

Springing to the officer's side, the scout threw himself with all his force against the door. It gave way with a crash, precipitating him into the corridor that lay beyond.

Here there was blank darkness, but the scout was again in the midst of foes, for he could feel them pushing to get past him in the narrow space.

Right and left went his arms with the force of twin battering-rams, jolting strange oaths out of the astounded yellow men.

"Where are you, Buffalo Bill?" panted Gordon, from somewhere behind.

"Here!" yelled the scout. "Here are more of the Sam-sings, and we'll have to walk over them."

Suddenly a light appeared farther down the passage. Pigtailed heads choked the way, the light gleaming on knives that were hastily drawn and flourished.

But the scout's blood was up. Those Sam-sings with their knives barred his way to Nomad, and he flung himself against them irresistibly.

Crack, crack, crack came the spiteful notes of his forty-five, echoing thunderously in the cramped quarters. So narrow was the way that Gordon could be of no help, except to keep off those who might continue mounting by the stairs. To the scout alone fell the task of clearing the path in front.

There was no keeping back this foreign devil with the gun.

"Feng-shin! feng-shin!" chattered the Sam-sings wildly.

Four of their number were lying in the hall; and there were others, able to keep their feet indeed, but bearing upon them marks of the scout's fists.

At the first cry of "feng-shin!"—"earth devil"—a panic set in. Like so many rats the Chinamen scampered along the corridor, thinking only of escape from this white marvel, who seemed to have a dozen arms and the power of a hundred men.

CHAPTER V.

NOMAD'S NUMEROUS "DELIGHTS."

The old trapper was a surprised man when the rush behind him was heard and he felt himself lifted bodily and thrown headlong through the secret door. The rear attack of the Sam-sings had been so noiselessly executed that he had learned nothing of their approach until too late to lift a hand for his own protection.

When he fell, the Sam-sings piled upon him, striking him with their fists. Something like a knuckle-duster must have caught him between the eyes, for just as he was making a heroic attempt to struggle up under the weight of his foes, his senses reeled away into night and he was left helpless, at the mercy of his captors.

While accompanying the cute, black-hatted highbinder through Chinatown, the blowing street-lights had shown the trapper a weird collection of dragons. The monsters, for the most part, were made of papier-mâché, their scales gilded and their gaping mouths and protruding tongues painted a fiery red. They hung overhead in the streets, or writhed above the doors of bazaars and restaurants.

In the darkness that followed the blow with the knuckle-duster Nomad dreamed, and his dreams were full of dragons. He was fighting them single-handed, and they came at him from all sides, by threes, by dozens, and in battalions. As fast as he killed off one detachment of the writhing, ill-omened monsters, another lot came at him, snorting fire and filling the air with a smell of brimstone.

That was a terrific combat, and none the less trying for being purely imaginary. When Nomad opened his eyes, he was panting like a spent dog.

The air about him was close, heavy, and, compared with it, brimstone would have been as attar of roses.

He was in a small room, lighted by a smoky oil-lamp. The lamp stood on a little counter of polished ebony. Behind the counter sat a fat-faced Chinaman with a shifty eye. The Chinaman's hands were smooth, and the fingernails were fully two inches long. A cap with a tassel rested on his shaven head, and his cue, black and sinuous as a snake, crawled over the shoulder of his orange-colored blouse and rested its end on the table beside him. He had a pot of ink and a brush, and was busily making notes in the Chinese fashion, up and down and from right to left. The "writing" was being done in a brown-paper book; and, as he wrote, he turned the leaves from the back of the book toward the front.

Nomad, while his hazy faculties were clearing, studied the fat-faced Chinaman with an amazed eye.

Presently the trapper fell to thinking more particu-

larly of himself. He recalled how the Chinaman in the black hat, spouting English like a college graduate, had called on him at the hotel; how he had accompanied him ostensibly on a trip to the house of the consul; and then, finally, how he had been grabbed and thrown neck and heels through a hole in the wall.

Beginning thus at the very commencement of his unusual experience, he followed it down through, link by link, to that room somewhere in the hidden regions of the Place of Twenty Thousand Delights.

"Et's chuck full er delight," thought Nomad grimly. "I knows, I reckon, bekase I've sampled 'em. Ther passin' joy o' bein' slammed down from behind an' hammered between ther eyes with er piece o' brass, ain't nothin' beside ther consoomin' pleasure o' layin' here, hog-tied like er steer, wonderin' what brand o' delight ther fat yaller-boy is puttin' down fer me in his dope-book."

Nomad coughed and twisted himself up into a sitting posture. Some one started forward from the other side of the room.

It was the treacherous Chinaman in the black hat.

A look of rage crossed the old trapper's face, and he pulled savagely at the cords securing his hands.

"You onnery, low-down speciment of er rat-eater!" he cried, "ef I was loose fer a minit I'd make chop-sooey out er yer bloomin' carkiss. Ye're more kinds of er black-guard than I kin lay tongue to, an' ef I ever git out o' hyar I'll camp on yer trail till I put ye out o' bizness. Ye kin spread yore blankets an' go ter sleep on *that*."

The fat Chinaman did not even look up at this outburst of wrath. He kept on making diagrams with his camel-hair brush. Nor did the Chinaman in the black hat so much as look toward the prisoner. He addressed the man in the tasseled cap. The latter, laying down his brush, leaned back in his chair and lighted a cigarette.

He spoke. Then the other Chinaman spoke. They had it back and forth for a minute, but all in Chinese. The most Nomad could make out of their talk was a whoop, two grunts, and a falling inflection. But they were talking about *him*, the trapper felt sure of that. Occasionally they would nod, or make a contemptuous gesture in his direction. Finally Sin Dig—for that, as we already know, was the name of the amiable one in the black hat—drew apart, allowing his fat companion to fix his shifty eyes on the prisoner.

"You one piecee bad white devil, huh?" remarked the fat person.

"Mebby I'm in one piece," answered Nomad, "but I feel more like I was in er dozen."

"You got one piecee name?"

"Nary, ye squinch-eyed thimble-rigger; thet's in two pieces."

"What you callee you'self, huh?"

"Easy mark is what I'm callin' myself at ther present writin'. From ther way I drapped inter this tinhorn game ye'd think I hadn't pipped my shell no later than yesterday. Waugh, but et glooms me up!"

"You Nickee Nomad?"

"Nikkeel!" mimicked the old trapper. "Say, I come purty nigh killin' er greaser oncet fer callin' me Nicolo. Jest plain Nick, ef ye got ter hev it."

"You fliend big high man Cody?"

"I'm his blanket-mate an' pard."

"You helpée big high man lookée find Yee Wong?"

"Yee Wong? Thet's a new one on me."

Here the man in the black hat butted in with more remarks in Chinese. The fat Chinaman nodded, tossed away his cigarette, closed his book, and locked it in a lacquered box which stood on the table beside the lamp. Tossing his cue languidly over his shoulder, he got up and waddled around the end of the ebony counter.

"You makee die," said he nonchalantly to Nomad, "makee go top-side. Savvy? Bymby come Brothers of the Bow-string, makee pull at breath with cord."

"Why, ye infernal, slant-eyed strangler!" cried Nomad, "ye're makin' yerself out ter be nothin' more'n a common killer, and ther wust kind of er low-down killer at thet. Mebbly ye'll do what ye say, an' mebbly ye won't. The big high man is loose in 'Frisco, an' he'll find out what's become o' me. Ef ye purceed accordin' ter yer schedule thar'll be a gin'ral massacre o' Chinks hyarabouts."

The fat Chinaman listened patiently, went over to a side wall, kicked at the mopboard, and then passed through an opening that suddenly appeared before him. The opening closed, and Nomad was left alone with Sin Dig.

The betrayer went around behind the ebony counter, sat down in the fat man's chair, and lifted his gold-embroidered sandals to the top of the counter. Then he began smoking cigarettes of his own.

"The illustrious one," he sneered, "will soon be in a country where he cannot interfere with Tau Kee's business."

"I don't know er thing erbout Tau Kee, ner erbout Yee Wong," snarled Nomad, "but I do know thet ef I was loose fer a holy minute you'd emigrate ter a land whar ye couldn't fool white men."

Sin Dig gave a supercilious grin and relapsed into silence. Minute followed minute, the trapper working hard but fruitlessly to free his wrists of the cords that bound them; then, while he was still straining, five low-browed scoundrels glided into the room, one of them carrying a silken cord with a noose at the end.

No word was spoken. Sin Dig simply nodded toward Nomad, and the five stepped over to him.

The trapper realized that he was in a tight corner. Buffalo Bill could not know where he was, and might make no attempt to hunt for him before morning; and, even when he did make the attempt, hunting for a needle in a haystack would be easy compared with the task he would face.

Yet, although he knew his case was practically hopeless, Nomad, bound though he was, wriggled and fought to such purpose that four of the Chinamen had to take him down and sit on him before the fifth could adjust the cord about his neck.

Having got the cord in position, the strangler arose with the free end of it in his hand. Standing erect, with one straw sandal on the trapper's chest, the assassin began taking up the slack with a steady and constantly growing pressure.

Nomad felt the cord close about his throat, felt it begin sinking into his flesh, and felt the breath gradually leaving him.

He was not afraid of death. He had faced it too often, playing with it until it had become familiar to him.

It was not the mere idea of passing from life that he rebelled against; it was being strangled by yellow scoundrels, there in the lowest haunts of a big city.

He was a free-born rover of the plains and the moun-

tains; when his time came to go, he had expected to face the crisis in the open, side by side, if it might be, with his Long-haired Pard.

As his breath came gaspingly he turned his head toward the outer door. About it he saw more rascally Chinamen—all Brothers of the Bow-string, and watching the work in the room with malevolent grins and deep interest.

Then, just as Nomad felt he was close to the end, there came the sound of a crash. The Brothers of the Bow-string leaped to the right-about; at the same moment, the cord in the hands of the strangler relaxed and the trapper gulped down a full breath of air.

He tried to shout, but the muscles of his throat seemed paralyzed and no sound left his moving lips. The Chinamen at the door had rushed along the corridor. The man operating the cord dropped the silken strands, leaped to the table, and picked up the lamp.

Yells and shouts and the sounds of a fierce struggle floated into the stuffy room; and in the midst of the clamor the trapper thought he could hear the voice of Buffalo Bill.

Again he tried to shout, but some one else had rushed upon him and grabbed the end of the cord. The strangler stood just outside the door with the lighted lamp held above his head. The rays, filtering into the room, brought out the saturnine features of Sin Dig, bending down over the intended victim and pulling at the cord.

"The exalted one," breathed Sin Dig, "shall not profit by the coming of his noble friends. When they arrive, the Illustrious Nomad will be safe with his ancestors!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE ESCAPE.

With returning breath, Nomad had recovered some of his strength. Even though help was on the way, he knew that the treacherous Chinaman might have time, before it arrived, to finish the work begun by the strangler.

With a fierce effort, the trapper threw himself to one side, knocking Sin Dig's feet out from under him and throwing him heavily to the floor.

At that moment the strangler came running back with the lamp. Sin Dig called to him, but he paid no attention.

Placing the lamp on the counter, the strangler made a rush toward the side of the room, kicked sharply against the mopboard, and vanished into the gloomy regions beyond. From this it was plain that the fight was going against the Sam-sings, and that a getaway was necessary if the treacherous Chinamen were not to risk their lives.

But Sin Dig's fury increased with his frustrated attempt on Nomad. He seemed possessed of but one idea, and that was to finish the work of the strangler.

Once more he seized the cord. At that moment some of the panic-stricken Chinamen rushed past the door and along the corridor outside. Following them in hot pursuit came Buffalo Bill.

The scout would have passed the door had Nomad not found his tongue and given a warning shout. The call was enough.

Into the room plunged Buffalo Bill. He was but an instant sizing up the situation, and another instant in felling the wily Sin Dig with a straight-arm blow.

"Buffer!" panted the trapper. "Kin I believe my eyes, er am I seein' things in my sleep, like what I was a spell ago?"

"You're seeing things, all right, Nick," panted the scout, "but they're real and full of ginger. We've got all Chinatown about our ears and——"

"I wouldn't hev knowed ye in thet Chink git-up, I reckon, ef I hadn't seen yer boots. However did ye——"

"Not much time for talk, Nick," interrupted the scout, picking up a knife, which the fleeing strangler had dropped, and slashing it through his pard's cords. "You're free now," he added. "On your feet and do your part against the Chinks."

"Thet's me!" whooped the trapper, rising.

"Have you a gun?"

"I did hev when I come hyar, but et's gone."

"Take one of mine," and Buffalo Bill gave up the weapon he was carrying.

Just then Gordon flung into the room and slammed the door. There was a bolt, and he shot it swiftly into its socket.

"They're after us!" he puffed, "a regular swarm of 'em! The Sam-sings are gathering like a swarm of bees. Our only hope is to stay here and fight until the gong-wagon comes."

"But will it come?" demanded the scout.

"Sure it will come! The policeman on this beat will hear the uproar and send in a hurry-up call."

As the officer finished, an attack was made on the door. From the sound, the corridor outside was packed with Sam-sings.

"Here!" called the scout, springing to the counter.

It was small, but heavy, and the scout and the officer carried it to the door and placed it across for a barricade.

"Peel off your Chink fixings, Buffalo Bill," said Gordon, suiting his own action to the word. "If a detail comes to our relief it won't do to have them mistake us for hatchet-boys."

Only a moment or two was necessary to get out of the breeches and blouses.

"What's this?" asked Gordon, laying one hand on the lacquered box.

"Thet's whar ther fat Chink keeps his books," said Nomad.

"Important, then!" muttered the officer, noticing how the door was yielding under the fierce attack from the outside. "Whatever happens in here, Cody," he added, "one of us must get away with that box."

"Thar's no need o' us stayin' hyar," said Nomad. "I've seen some o' ther Chinks git out by a private way. Ef ye wants ter take a leap in the dark——"

"Where's the door?" demanded Gordon briskly. "All Chinatown is full of secret doors and mysterious passages."

The trapper walked over to the mopboard and gave it a kick. The side of the wall fell away. Standing in the dark entrance thus revealed, the officer looked down a gloomy stairway.

"Perhaps," he observed, "it's a passage to the street. Come on, friends, and we'll chance it."

He leaped back to pick up the lacquered box.

"Bring the lamp, Cody," he added, "and each of you

keep a revolver in your hand. Where we're going I don't know, but it offers a better chance than we have here."

With a six-shooter in his right hand and the box in his left, Gordon started down the stairs. Buffalo Bill followed with the lamp. Nomad lingered to hoist Sin Dig to his feet and grab him by the cue.

"Make so much as er stutter, ye whelp," he hissed in the Chinaman's ear, while he caressed his chest with the point of his revolver, "an' I'll blow a hole through ye. The boot's on t'other foot now, an' et's you who're dancin' ter my music."

Kicking the Chinaman through the secret door, Nomad followed him down the steps.

By then the opening in the wall closed of itself, one of the stair-treads, perhaps, releasing a spring that operated the closing mechanism. But it had not closed before the fleeing white men heard the Sam-sings crash into the room they had just quitted.

"Ye'll hev ter hustle, pards," called the trapper. "Thar'll be er raft er yaller-boys pilin' down on us in er minit."

"Who's this behind me?" demanded Buffalo Bill, noticing the black-hatted Chinaman for the first time.

"That's Sin Dig," answered Gordon, looking over the scout's shoulder. "He's the scoundrel that got Nomad into this bunch of trouble."

"Thet's whatever!" boomed Nomad. "Ef we kin kerry him away from hyar a pris'ner, thet's what we're goin' ter do."

"He'll serve time in San Quentin for this!" averred the officer.

"An' ef ther hatchet-boys git too fierce fer us," proceeded Nomad, "an' we kain't take him away a pris'ner, I'm goin' ter make a good Chinaman o' him afore I leave him behind."

As an officer of the law, Gordon discreetly ignored this observation.

All by that time were at the foot of the stairs. A passage stretched before them.

"Where does this passage lead, Sin Dig?" asked Gordon sharply.

"To the place where it goes, excellency," was the insolent answer.

Nomad caught the Chinaman's cue and took a hitch with it about his yellow neck.

"I'll strangle ye with yer own h'ar ef ye don't answer!" glowered the irate Nomad.

The trap-door sprang open at the top of the stairs.

"No time to waste on Sin Dig," said Gordon quickly. "Come on with the lamp, Buffalo Bill."

The officer started along the corridor at a run, while the Sam-sings slid down the stairs with frantic yells. One or two revolver-shots dampened their ardor and caused them to hang back.

As the echoes of the last shot died away in the cramped confines, it was taken up by a muffled *ding, ding, ding* coming from somewhere without.

"The detail!" cried Gordon. "There comes the wagon! We hear the gong plainly, so we cannot be far from the street. Ah!" he finished, a moment later, "here's a door—and it's just a plain, ordinary door with nothing secret about it. Now, then, let's see what's on the other side."

He flung the door wide and a breath of cool air was wafted in.

"The street!" cried Gordon, as he sprang out on the sidewalk. "Luck's with us at the wind-up, friends."

And luck surely was with them, for they emerged from a building adjoining the Place of Twenty Thousand Delights. As if by magic every Chinaman on Dupont Street had scurried away. The resounding gong of the patrol-wagon had caused that. The thoroughfare in the immediate vicinity was entirely deserted save for the wagon and a detail of bluecoats gathered on the walk.

"Hello, Gordon!" cried one of the policemen. "Where's the trouble?"

"In the Delight hang-out. Probably it won't do any good, but you'd better raid it."

Five officers rushed into the house and ransacked every room and passage they could find; but the inmates—excepting one stupefied opium-smoker in a room on the second floor—had vanished. There was not a Sam-sing anywhere to be found.

The officers reappeared in half an hour and drove away, the scout, the trapper, Gordon, and Sin Dig riding in the wagon.

At a point nearest Geary Street Buffalo Bill and Nomad got out.

"Gamest man I ever trailed with!" exclaimed Gordon warmly, reaching out to grasp the scout's hand. "I'll see you in the morning, Cody; and, meanwhile, I'll find out what there is in this box. Its contents may have a bearing on that work at Yuma."

The wagon clattered away, and the scout and the trapper started for the Afton House.

"What was the matter with you, Nick?" queried the scout, as they walked.

"Huntin' excitement," answered the old man gruffly.

"Well, I reckon you found it," laughed the scout.

"Chuck full o' delights," said Nomad, "but I'm appreciatin' 'em more now than I did a while back."

CHAPTER VII.

IMPORTANT NEWS.

Next morning, while the scout and the trapper were dressing, old Nomad unbosomed himself.

By allowing himself to be swayed by the treacherous San Dig, he had bit at the sort of a gold-brick game which city tinhorns hand out to Hoosiers. Nomad admitted that he was a Hoosier, and that he had forfeited the right to travel in Buffalo Bill's class.

The old man was sour and angry. In the bright light of the morning after, he was able to see his weakness of the night before in glaring colors.

"I'm goin' back ter ther deserts an' ther mountings," he said glumly. "I'm ter home thar, Buffler. I hadn't never ort ter come ter 'Frisco at all. When ye come ter towns of more'n a hundred people I'm like er sheep with er long fleece. Waugh! I'm goin' ter say 'ba-a' an' make fer ther fust train."

"Chirk up!" laughed the scout, clapping his old pard on the shoulder. "I know just how you felt last night, Nick. You were hungry to be doing something, and the big city had got on your nerves. Why, even if you'd known Sin Dig was fixing a trap for you, it's dollars to doughnuts you'd have gone with him just the same."

"Mebbyso," was the gloomy answer; "no tellin' what kind of er fool caper I'll cut when I takes ther bit in my teeth. I'm thet restive, sometimes, thar ain't no restrainin' me."

"Well, pard, it won't be many hours before you and I take the back track together."

"Somethin' up between you an' ther chief o' perlice?" queried Nomad.

"Yes. I suppose you aren't particularly in love with the Brothers of the Bow-string after what happened last night?"

"Not ter hurt," gulped the old man, bristling.

"How would you like a deal that would give you a chance to break even?"

Nomad jumped to the edge of his chair.

"Try me!" he muttered.

"I'm going to."

Thereupon the scout went into details about the mandarin's daughter from far Shanghai, and about Tau Kee, and his "underground railway" for slaves into the United States by way of the Gulf of California and Yuma.

"Waugh!" said Nomad, with a satisfied grunt, "et sounds good. I'm beginnin' ter savvy, now, what ther fat Chink meant when he spoke o' Yee Wong an' Tau What's-his-name. I'm ready ter jump inter this business with both hands an' my spurs on, Buffler; only let et be soon."

"It will be soon enough, I reckon," replied the scout. "Now, chirk up and come down to breakfast."

The way Nomad slaughtered ham and eggs and buck-wheat cakes during that morning meal proved that his gloom hadn't robbed him of his appetite. Just as they were leaving the dining-room they saw Gordon hurrying into the hotel.

"Hello!" exclaimed the scout; "you seem to be in a rush."

"I am," was the brisk answer, "the biggest kind. Where can I talk with you two for a few minutes? There's a train south at eleven-thirty, and you've got to catch it. No matter how quick you get to where you're going, though, you may be too late."

Buffalo Bill caught the urgent haste in the officer's voice and manner, and wasted no time in leading him up the stairs and to his and Nomad's room.

"There," said the scout, closing and locking the door. "We'll pull our chairs together and not a Sam-sing in 'Frisco will know what we're talking about. What's to pay, Gordon?"

"It was the contents of that lacquered box that set the department by the ears," explained Gordon. "Say, Nomad's getting into the scrape was worth all it cost him and us. That's right! The contents of that box puts the department in the possession of a whole lot of information that couldn't have been got in any other way. Nomad, by following Sin Dig last night, you gave the chief a remarkable boost."

"I made er remarkable fool er myself at ther same time," growled the old man. "Wouldn't make sich an exhibition o' myself ag'in fer a million dollars."

"Well, with the help of what was in that box the Old Man will get a strangle hold on the slave-trade in 'Frisco. The other end of it, Buffalo Bill—the Yuma end, you understand, along with the rescue of Yee Wong—is left to you."

"Was there anything about Yee Wong in that box?" queried the scout.

"Well, I guess! Why, there was a whole book full of hen-tracks and double-jointed ideographs telling about Tau Kee's operations. The book itself is a record of the murders committed by the Brothers of the Bow-string. It, alone, is enough to put a noose around the throats of some fifteen or twenty Chinamen, providing we can catch them. But the point I am getting at is this:

"Chink letters, found in the box, tell that Yee Wong is in the hands of a red-headed Chinaman in Yuma. This red-headed Chink is Tau Kee's principal lieutenant, and watches operations on the Colorado River. Now, a red-headed Chinaman ought to be an easy person to locate. Don't you think so?"

"Never heard of a red-headed Chinaman!" declared the scout. "Didn't know there ever was such a freak."

"I never saw one," pursued Gordon, "but we have that Chink letter as proof. The thing to do is to get to Yuma as soon as you can, and camp on the trail of this red-headed heathen."

"The finding of that box, Gordon," reasoned the scout, "is a thing that will work both ways. The Sam-sings here in 'Frisco will know the police got hold of it, and they'll know, too, that you have had the contents translated. That will give them warning, and by now, no doubt, the warning is being passed along to the red-headed Chinaman. Before Nick and I can get there, the Chinaman will have taken Yee Wong and gone to safer quarters."

"That's what we fear; but it's a situation the chief trusts to your sagacity to meet."

"Look hyar, Buffler," put in Nomad, "our Dutch pard, ther baron, is hangin' out in Yuma this blessed minit, waitin' fer some 'oxcidement,' as he calls it, ter happen erlong. Why not shoot a telegraft message at him, an'—"

"By George!" exclaimed the scout, "that's the very move!"

"You have a pard in Yuma now?" queried Gordon, catching the scout's excitement.

"Yes; and a game pard he is, too, barring a tendency to bungle things now and then. But he'll do in this pinch."

"It will be a whole lot better working through your pard than through the Yuma authorities, as the chief had thought of doing."

"Far and away better. Is that all, Gordon? If it is, the quicker I can get to a telegraph-office the sooner our Dutch pard will be hunting the trail."

"One thing more, Buffalo Bill," went on Gordon, pulling a long envelope from his pocket. "This is sent to you by the chief. It contains a copy of the report made by the informer who went to the Chinese consul here, and also photographs of Tau Kee and Yee Wong. They will probably be of help to you. If you meet up with Tau Kee you'll be able to recognize him, and the red-headed Chink won't be able to palm off on you another Chinese girl for Yee Wong."

"The stuff will probably come handy," said the scout, pushing the envelope into his pocket. "I'll settle our bill, Nick, and shoot that telegram through to the baron. Meanwhile, get our traps together and meet me at the eleven-thirty train on the S. P."

"Gittin' our traps tergether ain't so much of er job," grinned Nomad, slowly recovering his spirits. "When we travels we travels light, like ther cimiroon thet had fifty-three pieces in his grip—er pack er keerds an' a

paper collar. I'll be ready fer Yuma by ther time you aire."

"You know enough about the Sam-sings by this time, Buffalo Bill," continued Gordon, as they went down the stairs, "to understand that, from now on, you and Nomad will be marked men."

"Nomad's marked with a frantic desire to meet the Brothers of the Bow-string and play even," laughed the scout. "He's only too glad to think the Sam-sings may come at him."

"Well, the chief wanted me to remind you to be on the lookout continually. Don't put your trust in any Chinaman, no matter who you may think he is."

"I never did put much confidence in them," said the scout, "and I don't intend to begin now."

"If you're going to the telegraph-office," added Gordon, "I'll show you the nearest one."

The office was only two blocks away, and here the scout seized a pad of blanks, scribbled *Rush* at the top of one of them, and followed it with this:

"WILLIAM VON SCHNITZENHAUSER, Grand Central Hotel, Yuma.

"Important business. Hunt for secretly, without delay, red-headed Chinaman supposed to be in Yuma. Camp on his trail, if you have any luck, and notify me at your hotel, Yuma. Nick and I coming first train.

"BUFFALO BILL."

"That will do the trick," said Buffalo Bill, as he turned away from the receiving-window after filing his message. "Tell the chief, Gordon, that if there's anything in this Yuma deal I and my pards will dig it up."

"No use telling him that," smiled Gordon; "the chief knows. You may have some exciting times, but it's a cinch you will win out."

"We can't have any excitement that will lay over last night's."

"Well, I hope you won't have any worse, and that you'll come out of what you do have fully as well. Here's where our trails fork. Good-by, and good luck."

"Same to you."

The men, who had conceived a great liking for each other because of the perils faced together during the preceding night, shook hands heartily and separated.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN THE NEWS REACHED YUMA.

It's at Yuma that two rivers come together. Where they join there's a bluff, and on top of the bluff stands a big building with grated windows, and bastions, and armed guards.

From the veranda of the Grand Central, Villum von Schnitzenhauser, otherwise known as "the baron," could look up and see the penitentiary. He loved "oxcidement," did the baron, but there hadn't been so much as a dog-fight in Yuma since he struck the town. There, at the edge of the desert, he was having as uneventful a time as was Nomad during the greater part of his stay in 'Frisco.

Hour after hour the baron used to sit on the hotel

veranda, his feet cocked up on the railing, a long pipe between his teeth, looking up at the penitentiary and wishing some one would break out, so he could join in the excitement of a chase.

"I made some misdakes, py shinks," he would murmur ruefully. "I should haf gone along mit Puffalo Pill und Nomat to der pig city. Oof I hat done dot, I shouldn't be vasting away und rusting oudt mit meinseluf like vat I am."

Then the baron would heave a long sigh, puff at his pipe, and let his mind wander back among the many pleasant activities in which he had assisted the scout and the trapper.

One day—a hot day, too, as the days usually are in Yuma—there came a ripple of excitement. It was only a ripple, but the baron grabbed at it like a drowning man at a straw.

A small edition of an Indian came along the street. He was a handsome boy, for an Indian, straight as a ramrod, buckskined and moccasined, bareheaded, and with a superb eagle feather nodding over his scalp-lock.

There was nothing uncertain about his movements. He walked as though he was on springs, and every turn of his head, every bend of his lithe and flexible body, had a cause and went straight to the mark.

The baron watched him languidly.

"Dot leedle Inchun is der pest-looking feller vat efer I see," said the baron to himself. "I like der looks oof dot poy."

Reaching the steps leading to the veranda, the little Indian turned, ascended them, and walked straight to the baron.

"How?" said he, extending his hand.

"Pooty goot," said the baron, taking the outstretched hand, "considering dot dere isn't anyting doing. How you vas yourseluf, hey?"

"Heap fine," was the grave response.

"How iss poppa und momma, und der odder leedle bappooses?"

"No sabe; no got um."

There was a wistful light in the boy's eyes for a moment.

"Vell, now," said the baron sympathetically, "dot's vorse as I t'ought. Here iss a kevarter. Run away und ged a shdring oof peads for yourseluf."

The boy pushed the hand that held the quarter away and drew himself up proudly.

"No take um paleface money," said he, with tremendous pride. "Piute boy him work for what he get. Much 'blige. You think um Piute boy beggar? Huh!"

"Vat a keveer leedle Inchun id iss!" murmured the wondering baron; "so intependent mit himseluf, so full mit chincer!"

"Look!" said the Indian boy.

His hand dipped into a beaded medicine-bag and brought out a handful of gold. The baron almost fell off his chair.

"Vy," he gasped, "you vas rich! Sooch a rich leedle feller vat id iss! Vere you ged so mooch as dot?"

"All same honest," answered the boy.

"I bed you! You don'd need to tell me dose."

"You heap baron?" pursued the boy.

"Vell, how you know dot?"

"You pard Pa-has-ka, Long Hair Chief?"

"Sure! Und you know Puffalo Pill, too! Vell, vell!"

"You all same pard Nomad, the Wolf-killer?"

"Nomat? Yah, so. I peen pards mit dem bot'."

"Wuh! Me pard, too."

"I vas so habby to know dot as I can't tell!" beamed the baron. "Vat iss your name?"

"Little Cayuse."

The baron, on the spur of the moment, reached out his arms and pulled the Indian boy to him in a delighted embrace.

"Oh, py shinks, I haf heardt oof you! Yah, so helup me, I haf heardt fine t'ings aboutt der Leedle Cayuse. Say, dis vas some bleasures I don't expect."

"Where Pa-has-ka?" asked Little Cayuse, untangling himself with dignity from the baron's embrace.

"Dey peen in 'Frisco," said the baron. "Ve vas all in Utah togedder, und vent from dere by Fort Apache; und id vas ad der fort dot Puffalo Pill got a ledder. Ven he readt dot ledder, he und Nomat vent to 'Frisco und I come on here."

"Wuh," said Little Cayuse, "me know. Me hunt for Pa-has-ka since many sleeps. Mebbys he come to Yuma?"

"Meppyso; anyvay, dot's vat I hope. Oof he don'd come py, Yuma, den, py shiminy, I go verefer he iss."

"Wuh! Little Cayuse go, too."

"I t'ought," ruminated the baron, "dot Puffalo Pill say you hat choined der army, Leedle Cayuse?"

"No like um; like um Pa-has-ka heap better."

"Vell, I don't plame you for dot. Puffalo Pill——"

The baron was interrupted by a messenger-boy, who walked up on the porch at that moment and came toward him with a yellow envelope in his hand. The boy's eyes were resting admiringly on Little Cayuse. But the young Indian kept his eyes on the baron.

"William von Schnitzenhauser," asked the boy, "you him?"

"Dot's me," palpitated the baron. "It can't be dot any vone iss delegraphing me a tispatch?"

"Dis here's fer you if yer name's what I said," went on the messenger.

With shaking and eager fingers, the baron scribbled his name on the book; then, feverishly impatient, he tore open the envelope and pulled out the enclosure.

The messenger, still with his eyes on Little Cayuse, faded around the corner of the hotel.

As the baron read and reread the message, his chest began to swell and a look of intense satisfaction drifted across his face.

"Vell, ve chust peen dalking aboutt Puffalo Pill," said he, "und here iss some messaches from him. He has delegraphed by me dot dere iss imbortant pitzness to be tone."

"Little Cayuse help?" asked the boy, his face phlegmatic but his voice trembling with eagerness.

"I don'd know for vy you can't helup, Leedle Cayuse." The baron cast a cautious look around the veranda. There was no one within ear-shot. "Come gloser," he whispered, "vile I read him."

Then, with his lips close to the small Piute's ear, the baron read the message twice aloud.

"Pa-has-ka and Wolf-killer come to Yuma," breathed the boy. "Good. Me see um."

"Dot's goot, you bed you; aber vat's dot aboutt der ret-heated Shinamans?"

"You no sabe red-hair yellow man?" returned the boy.

"I never heardt oof sooch a t'ing as some ret-heated Shinamans. Dot means ve'll haf to look, my poy."

"Me sabe," said Little Cayuse.
 "Vat's dot?" returned the baron. "You know vere dere iss a ret-heated Shinaman?"

"Wuh!"

"Vere id iss? Ve'll go righdt avay und camp on his drail. Dot's vat Puffalo Pill say."

"You follow; we find um yellow man heap quick."

"Ach, vat luck id iss! I findt Leedle Cayuse, und I ged a delegraf tispach from Puffalo Pill, und now Leedle Cayuse knows vere der Shinaman iss. Vait a leedle, my poy, vile I go afder my guns."

The baron ambled quickly into the hotel, and in three minutes he ambled out again, his coat bulging at both hips.

"Lead on, Cayuse," said he, "aber don'd forged dot der orters is to go mit carefulness und nod let anypody know vat ve vas aboutt."

The German and the little Piute had no sooner got out of sight than a Chinaman, in a dirty white apron, crawled out from under the veranda.

Pulling off his apron, he rolled it up and threw it back into the hole from which he had crawled; then, like a streak, he darted along the sidewalk and disappeared between two adobe houses.

The Brothers of the Bow-string were well represented in Yuma by paid spies. What had happened was something the king of scouts could hardly have guarded against in a telegram.

CHAPTER IX.

AMONG THE YUMAS.

The baron was expecting Little Cayuse to steer him straight toward the Chinese quarter of the town, but the course did not bear in this direction.

Stepping off spryly in front, with never a word or a look to right or left, Little Cayuse pointed southward and westward toward a series of steep bluffs along the Colorado.

The outskirts of the town were passed and soon left far behind. Cayuse had struck into a beaten foot-path that led between clumps of greasewood and low-growing mesquit-trees.

"Cayuse," called the baron, "tell me somet'ing."

The boy halted and whirled about. The baron was mopping his dripping face with a red cotton handkerchief.

"Vas you going ofer indo Mexico?" he asked.

"We go toward Injun camp," said Little Cayuse.

"Vat Injun camp?"

"Yumas."

"Ah, ha! You know der Yumas?"

"Me lodge in Yuma teepees. Yumas heap friends Piutes. Me Piute."

"Iss der ret-heated Shinaman among der Yumas?"

"Him got lodge plenty close."

"Vell, don'd forged ve got to shneak oop on der lodge. You vas only a poy, Cayuse, und meppy, ven ve come glose py dot lodge, id vas pedder dot I do der scouding."

"Ugh!" grunted Little Cayuse, as he turned and continued on along the foot-path.

Suddenly he paused, bent over quickly, and picked up something.

"Vat id iss?" queried the baron, coming near.

In his hands the boy was holding a small wooden box.

"Somebody lose um," said he.

Opening the box, he disclosed some neatly stowed red, white, and blue poker-chips.

"Some gampler, meppy," hazarded the baron. "Drow der pox avay, Cayuse. Ve don'd got time to monkey nnt dot."

"No throw um," answered Cayuse; "keep um. Sell um, mebbysso."

The box was too big for his medicine-bag, but he got around the difficulty by emptying the chips into the bag and throwing the empty box away.

"Yumas heap foolish," said he, as they continued on. "Make gamble, lose plenty dinero. Gambling no good. Little Cayuse know. Pa-has-ka tell um."

"Dot's righdt, you bed you. I don'd gample mein-seluf; I only schust vin."

"All same gamble, win or lose."

"No, py shinks! Ven you vin id ain'd gambling—id's a skinch."

The boy grunted disgustedly.

When he had come close to the Yuma encampment he turned from the foot-path and made a détour. The path ran directly to the camp, and he did not care to be seen and questioned by the Yumas.

Half a mile beyond the Indian encampment was a thick chaparral covering the ground to the edge of the steep bluffs. Cayuse entered the chaparral at a place where the bluff fell sheer downward to the waters of the Colorado.

Leaning out of the bushes, the boy directed the baron's attention along the edge of the bank to where a small boat was made fast. A rope ladder led from the brow of the bluff to the post to which the boat was secured.

"See um boat?" whispered Cayuse.

"Sure," answered the baron.

"Him red hair yellow man's boat. Red Hair's lodge near top of um rope ladder."

"Vell, vat oof dot? Ve don'd care noddig aboutt der poat, Cayuse. Id's der Shinaman ve vant to vatch."

"Wuh! Plenty 'Paches 'round Red Head's lodge."

"Vat's dot? 'Paches? Vat's der Shinaman got to do mit 'Paches?"

"No sabe. All same 'Paches dere. You stay here. Me go look, see."

"You shtay here, Cayuse, und I vill go meinseluf. You vas only a poy und you might get indo more drouples as you could take care oof."

"Me Injun; 'Paches Injun. 'Paches see um Cayuse, no hurt um. See um baron, kill um, scalp um. Wuh, mebbysso."

There was a lot of forceful logic in what the boy said. He lived with the Yumas. The Apaches who were with the Chinaman probably knew that. Therefore, if the Piute boy was seen skulking about the chaparral the Apaches would probably think nothing of it. But the baron might find it hard to explain his presence.

"Vell," agreed the baron, "if dot's der vay of id, vy, you go along und do der scouding. Aber have some care mit yourseluf, Cayuse. Puffalo Pill say dot ve vas to gamp on der drail und make id a segret."

"Me sabe."

Without further words Cayuse slid noiselessly into the bushes and vanished. The baron sat down on the brink of the bluff, where he could catch the faint breeze play-

ing across the river, and, at the same time, keep an eye on the rope ladder and the boat.

He sat there quietly for several minutes, and was just beginning to think it was time Cayuse was returning with a report, when he saw something down the bank that commanded his immediate attention.

An Apache Indian lowered himself over the edge of the bank and onto the rope ladder. The Indian had a bow and arrow and a lance secured to his bare back.

Reaching the foot of the ladder, he pulled in the boat, dropped into it, picked up an oar, and steadied the boat broadside onto the foot of the bluff. Then, looking up, he waved one hand in a signal to some one at the top of the bank.

Another man got over and stood for a space on the top rungs of the ladder. This was a Chinaman, a Chinaman in black blouse and breeches and wearing an old army fatigue-cap. His cue was not coiled at the top of his head, but swung down almost to his knees.

And the cue was *red*. There was no doubt on that point. The baron was some distance away, but he could distinguish clearly the color of the cue.

A bundle was handed to the Chinaman. It was a long, narrow bundle, closely wrapped in a red blanket. From the contour of the blanket, the baron guessed that it swathed a human form.

What did that mean? Had the red-headed Chinaman killed somebody, and was he rowing out into the river to hide the evidence of his crime?

Carrying the bundle awkwardly over his shoulder, the Chinaman descended cautiously the swinging ladder, and, after some maneuvering, managed to get both himself and the bundle safely in the boat.

Another Apache followed the Chinaman. When all were embarked, the painter was cast off and the boat headed down-stream, two Apaches working at the oars.

"Vell," muttered the baron, "how vas I going to foller dot ret-headed Shinaman now? Dere vasn't anoder poat, und I hafn't a horse, und—py chimineddy! vat a luck id iss! Vere's Cayuse? Vy don'd he gome pack und say someding? I'll findt him, und ve'll tecite vat's pest to do."

The baron was greatly upset. He had supposed that all it would be necessary to do would be to lie low in some convenient spot, watch the red-headed Chinaman, and then send Little Cayuse back to the hotel to tell the scout about it when he and Nomad arrived from San Francisco. Now this pretty little plan of the baron's had all been knocked in the head.

Starting straight into the chaparral, the baron headed in the direction where he supposed the Chinaman's hang-out to be. The bushes were thick, and here and there among them was a prickly plant known as the catsclaw. Time and time again the branches of a catsclaw struck against the baron's face, scratching him and causing him to explode a few remarks by way of easing his feelings.

Presently he sat down, in a small, cleared space, thinking to take a few minutes' rest before continuing on. He had not been seated more than half a minute when he heard a thrashing among the bushes, drawing steadily in his direction.

Some one was coming. Thinking it was Little Cayuse,

the baron started to yell, by way of giving the boy the direction. But, before he could yell, he suddenly be-thought himself of the Apaches. There might be more of the Apaches in that vicinity than those who had gone with the Chinaman in the boat. It would be just as well to wait and let the person who was coming show himself without any shout from the baron to guide him.

As fate would have it, chance was guiding the person who was approaching straight to the little cleared space where the baron had taken up his position. The baron rose to his feet and got a revolver in his hand, in order to be on the winning side in case of an argument.

A second later, when the newcomer showed himself, the baron's astonishment held him spellbound. It was not Little Cayuse, nor was it an Apache. On the contrary, it was another Chinaman, but a black-haired Chinaman, whom the baron at once recognized as a waiter at the Grand Central.

"Ah Fong, py shiminy!" cried the baron. "Vat you doing here, hey?"

"How do?" grinned the wily Ah Fong.

He was as much surprised to meet the baron as the baron was to meet him, in spite of the fact that he felt sure the baron was somewhere in the chaparral.

"Vat you doing here, I saidt!" exclaimed the baron sharply.

"My looker fo' led-head China boy," lied Ah Fong cheerfully. "No findee."

As a matter of fact, Ah Fong had found the "led-head China boy," and given him certain extracts from the talk between the baron and Cayuse, which had inspired a sudden flight on the part of the guardian of the mandarin's daughter.

"I t'ink, py shiminy," averred the baron, "dot you vasn't telling der trut'."

"My no tellee lie," insisted the Chinaman. "Me see li'l Injun boy. He say my findee you, telle you go top-side bank, waitee one piecee while likee you was."

"I'll find oudt oof you vas lying or nod," said the baron. "I'll go pack py der rifer, und you vill gome along."

"My got makee lun back to hotel," demurred the Chinaman.

"You can go pack to der hodel ven I peen droo mit you, und nod pefore." The baron lifted his gun and made a threatening gesture with it. "You see dis, hey?" he asked.

"My no blind," wailed the Chinaman, rolling up his eyes.

"Den make for der rifer pank, und don'd ged too far aheadt oof me. Ve'll vait dere. Oof der Inchun poy don'd gome, den dere'll be some drouples for you from me."

The Chinaman, thus threatened, pushed tremblingly into the brush, and he and the baron were soon on the

brink of the bluff. Snakelike, the skulking form of an Apache followed in the baron's rear. Not the crack of a twig nor the brushing of a limb marked the Apache's movements. The baron was as oblivious of his presence as though he had been a hundred miles away.

"I don'd know vat your game iss, Ah Fong," said the baron, facing the Chinaman and standing sideways to the river, "aber I t'ink you vas oop to some foolishness. Tell me der trut', und eferyt'ing vill be all righdt. Oof you don'd tell me der trut', den you vill be sorry, I tell you dot."

The startled eyes of the Chinaman roved past the baron and rested upon the figure of the Apache. The baron, noting the Chinaman's glance, turned around. He had just time for one astounded yell when he was caught and hurled over the edge of the bluff into the river.

CHAPTER X.

THE BARON'S HARD LUCK.

If the baron had had his attention called to the Apache an instant sooner, it is highly probable that he would have been able to use his revolver and avoid the disastrous results of the surprise. The Apache could have used a knife, had he been so inclined, and the German's finish would thus have been brought about, then and there. No doubt the Indian thought that a fall from the bluff would prove equally effective, and so heaved the baron over and let it go at that.

To add to the baron's hard luck, he struck a projecting rock as he shot downward, cutting his forehead and stunning him and knocking the breath out of his body. When he hit the water he went down like a plummet.

The Chinaman, awed by the Apache's murderous work, stood rooted to the ground, staring at the place where the unfortunate baron had disappeared.

Catching Ah Fong by the arm, the Indian dragged him back among the bushes. The Chinaman, thinking a fate similar to the baron's was about to be meted out to him, sent up a yelp of terror; but his fears had no foundation.

"Ugh!" grunted the savage, pointing northward along the river.

Ah Fong followed the Apache's finger with his eyes, and saw a small sailboat gliding down-stream. There were four white men in the boat, and it was evident the Indian feared his murderous act had been seen, and that he had retreated into the bushes and dragged the Chinaman after him in order to avoid possible results that might prove disagreeable.

However, the men in the boat did not appear to have witnessed the recent act of the Indian's, and both China-

man and Apache, from their covert, continued to watch the river for some sign of the baron.

After all but deciding he had gone down never to rise again, the watchers were surprised to see him bob up to the surface, feebly swimming. He was making directly across the river, and those on the bank believed that he was figuring on having the sailboat pick him up.

As a matter of fact, the baron was not doing any figuring whatever. He was not in a condition to do so.

The cool water had revived him a little, and he had instinctively gulped his lungs full of air on regaining the surface. A lucid interval came to him, and he had presence of mind enough to push his revolver-belt downward and let it slip over his feet to the bottom of the river. The moment this was accomplished, his faculties grew hazy again, and he had no idea which way he was swimming.

It was a blind struggle to keep afloat, impelled solely by the instinct of self-preservation.

The baron was an excellent swimmer. Had he not been, the weight of his clothing would have proved too much for his enfeebled powers.

Not a sound came from his lips. He was past knowing what he was about, yet still he struck out frantically, swimming, swimming directly into the course of the sailboat.

The four men on the boat were not long in sighting him. One of them picked up a coil of rope. Standing on the little cabin forward, he yelled a warning to the struggling German and let the rope fly.

The baron was a scant twenty feet away at the moment, and the end of the rope fell within easy reaching distance. But he did not grab it. Nor did he pay the slightest heed to the warning call of the man. He merely continued his mechanical struggles to keep afloat.

The man on the boat swore roundly.

"He must be er dummy!" shouted a second one, from aft.

"Dummy er no," cried the man forward, "we got ter save him. He's purty nigh all in. Put yer helm over, Eph! Andy, ease off that sheet."

The sloop-rigged little craft swerved in a half-circle. Another of the men aft, armed with a boat-hook, reached out, twisted the iron point in the baron's clothes, and pulled him alongside. Another moment and he was lifted into the cockpit, where he immediately keeled over and lay like a log.

"Looks ter me like he was a goner, cap," remarked Andy, hauling in the sheet as the boat once more came up into the wind.

The captain knelt down and lifted the baron's head.

"Got er bad cut over the eye," he remarked. "It was a blow that must have doped him proper. How he ever managed ter keep on top o' water is what gits me. Git me some kind of a rag fer a bandage, Nate."

The fourth man of the quartet dived into the cuddy and reappeared with a strip of white cloth. This was bound about the baron's head.

"Hurt anywhar's else, cap?" asked Eph, from the wheel.

"Not as I kin make out," the captain answered, kneading the baron with his knuckles in a search for broken bones. "I know what'll fix him."

The captain crawled into the cuddy himself, and came back with a flask of spirits. Some of the contents was forced down the baron's throat, a rolled-up coat put under his head, and the four men went about their business while waiting for results.

However, the liquor did not have any appreciable effect on the baron. He remained unconscious for an hour, and the captain decided to take him into the cuddy and put him into a berth.

"He's clean fagged, boys, an' his reasonin' apparatus is off soundings," remarked the captain, "but he'll be all right arter a while. He must hev taken a tumble from the bluff."

When the baron revived, he found himself on a heaving bed, with a swinging lantern casting vague shadows over a diminutive room, that seemed as unstable as a trotting horse.

He felt of his head, found the bandage, and wondered how it had got there. Where was he, anyhow? Turning over on his bed, his eyes encountered a man sitting in a bunk opposite.

"Vat's der madder mit me?" he called.

"So, ho!" returned the man, lifting his head and staring at him. "Ye've come to, hev ye? Well, mate, so fur as I kin see, thar ain't much the matter with ye *now*. We picked ye up out o' the river, two er three hours ago, an' ye've been a bit slow corrallin' yer wits."

"Vere der tickens am I, anyvay?" pursued the baron, groping about to get the hang of the situation.

"Ye're on the sloop *Centipede*, bound fer the Gulf o' Californy arter pearls."

"Nod mooch I ain'd bound for der Gulf oof Californy." The baron threw his legs over the side of the bunk and sat up. "How far you vas from der town oof Yuma?"

"'Bout twenty miles in er bee-line, I reckon," answered the man, who happened to be the captain.

"Ve're sailin' down der Colorato Rifer, hey?"

"Sure," laughed the captain. "Kinder hazy yet, ain't ye?"

"My headt don'd feel schust righdt, dot's a fact," admitted the baron, lifting one hand and pushing his fingers through his damp hair. "I haf hat a pooty hardt time, you bed my life on dot."

"It's easy fer me ter savvy that," agreed the captain. "How did you get into the water?"

"I vas pushed off der pank by an Inchun."

"By an Indian, eh?" returned the captain. "Them red whelps aire ekal ter anythin', blamed if they ain't."

"Who iss der gaptain oof der poat?" went on the baron, as the importance of the work he was doing for the scout gradually came home to him.

"I am," was the answer.

"Vell, Misder Gaptain, I got to ged pack py Yuma so keveck as I can. Vill you turn der poat aroundt und dake me?"

"Couldn't think o' that, mate. Ye see, it 'u'd mean a big loss ter us."

"Id vill be a pig loss to a lod oof odder peoples oof I don'd ged pack to Yuma righdt away keveck," pursued the baron. "How mooch you loose oof you take me pack, hey?"

"That's hard tellin'. It 'u'd take us all night ter work back, an' we'd hev ter do a lot o' work with the oars. The boys wouldn't like that much, I kin tell ye."

"Subbose I gif you one hunnert tollars for taking me pack py Yuma?"

"Well, nacherly that 'u'd make a diff'rence. The boys 'u'd work like nailers all night fer a share in a hundred pesos. The question is, mate, hev ye got it?"

"No," said the baron, "I don'd got him, but Puffalo Pill has, und he'll see dot you ged der money."

"Buffalo Bill!" exclaimed the man. "Jumpin' jee-whilligers! You a friend o' Buffalo Bill?"

"I'm one oof his bards," and the baron, demoralized though he was and with an aching head, straightened with pride.

"That's yore word fer it," went on the captain, but in a kindly tone. "I don't reckon I could git the boys ter put back on jest yore plain say-so about bein' a pard o' Buffalo Bill's. Everybody knows about the king o' scouts; he gives purty nigh ever'body as needs it a helpin' hand, an' ever'body ort ter give him one. But mebbey ye're jest talkin' when ye say ye're a pard o' his."

"Schust vait a minid!"

The baron pushed a hand into one of his soggy pockets. Had what he wanted been lost out of his clothes while he was in the river? There is never any run of hard luck but what a little good luck comes with it; so it happened with the baron. He had lost pretty nearly everything else out of his clothes, but that telegram of the scout's had stuck by him.

It was a badly disfigured piece of yellow paper, yet by opening it out tenderly the writing could be deciphered. The captain held it under the rays of the lamp, and spelled out the words.

"I reckon ye're the straight goods, all right," said he. "Jest hold yer luff, will ye, till I go out an' chin-chin with the boys."

The captain crawled out, and there was the sound of much talking and some argument. Finally the talking and arguing ceased, and the captain came back again.

"We'll turn the trick fer ye," he announced, "fer a hundred dollars, takin' yore word fer it that Buffalo Bill won't kick on the price. They're puttin' the *Centipede* about already. Aire ye hungry?"

"Vorse as dot, gaptain. I'm peen so near shtarved dot I can't see shtraight."

"We'll hev somethin' ter eat in a little while. Andy's gittin' it."

"You're a goot feller, und dot's all aboutd id. Schust don'd say nodding aboutd vat vas in dot delegraf message, vill you?"

"About all I could read was Buffalo Bill's name," grinned the skipper of the *Centipede*.

A little later the baron ate heartily of the simple but nourishing fare the captain set before him; and, directly he had finished, he rolled over in the bunk and was soon in the land of dreams.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BARON IMPARTS HIS CLUE.

Buffalo Bill and Nick Nomad were at the Grand Central hotel for breakfast. Their first proceeding, on reaching the hotel, was to proffer inquiries concerning the baron.

A puzzled look overspread the clerk's face when he heard the name of Villum von Schnitzenhauser.

"There was a Dutchman by that name stopping here," said the clerk, "and he looked to be as square a piece of furniture as ever came out of the factory, but he lit out yesterday, right after dinner, without paying his board-bill."

"Lit out?" queried the scout. "Where did he go?"

"You've got me. He was here to dinner yesterday, but he wasn't here to supper and he didn't use his room last night."

"Did he leave any baggage in his room?"

"All the baggage he had consisted of a saddle and bridle. They're in the room."

"Good gear?"

"Fine as they make 'em."

"Then you can gamble, my friend, that the baron wouldn't jump his board-bill and leave such valuable property behind. I know him, and your impression about his being square is correct. He's a pard of mine."

When the scout wrote his name, the clerk stared; then he gave a foolish grin.

"Thunder!" he exclaimed. "To think that I didn't recognize you, Mr. Cody! Why, you was in Yuma, some months ago, with a man named Okay. If the Dutchman is a pard of yours, he can have the best in the house, baggage or no baggage; and, as for you, all you've got to do to own the hotel is to ask for it."

"We'd like to own a room with two beds for a while,"

laughed the scout. "Meanwhile, if the baron shows up while we're at breakfast, just tell him we've arrived and are anxious to see him."

"I'll do that. Front, show Mr. Cody and Pard Nomad the way to the dinin'-room."

"Wash-room first," said the scout; "we've been most of the night on the cars. Had a small accident on the road and were delayed in getting here."

"What d'ye think o' ther baron, Buffler?" queried Nomad, somewhat later, as he sent back for his third helping of liver and bacon.

"There's just one thing to think, pard," the scout answered. "The baron has evidently hit the Chinaman's trail, or he would not have stayed away all night."

"Et 'u'd be jest like Schnitz ter blunder onter thet red-headed Chink fust clip," said Nomad; "but I'll bet money he gits tangled up some's erlong ther trail. Schnitz is as game as they make 'em, Buffler, but he's lame in his head-work—like me. Ef he was ter——"

"Hist!" broke in the scout warningly. "I don't like the looks of the Chink waiter who has been serving us. He acts nervous. Wait till he goes away."

Certainly Ah Fong was nervous. When he had put down the dish Nomad had called for, he hovered about in close proximity to the pards. Buffalo Bill sent him over on the other side of the dining-room and told him to stay there until he was called for.

"We can't be too careful, Nick," said the scout.

"No more we kain't. Then Brothers o' the Bow-string aire likely ter meet us when we least expect et."

Finishing their meal, the pards left the dining-room and went out on the veranda.

"If the baron doesn't show up pretty soon," remarked the scout, taking a chair and firing up a cigar, "we'll have to go on a still-hunt ourselves, Nick. This is a rush order we've got."

"I'm ready any time you aire, Buffler," returned the old trapper. "We'll hunt through Chinktown fust, I reckon?"

"That would be the likeliest place, I take it, to find the man we want. We'll wait here for a while, and see if the baron shows up, or sends any word. He knew we'd be here this morning, because I was careful to inform him on that point in my telegram. It's a cinch, too, that he wouldn't stay away from the hotel all yesterday afternoon and last night if he hadn't struck a hot trail."

"Er got peppered by one o' them thar bow-string boys," added Nomad.

"I don't believe the Brothers of the Bow-string have had time, as yet, to connect the baron with our operations. Still, you never can tell. The Sam-sings may have sent advance information some hours ahead of us."

For a while the pards smoked and reflected in silence. Nomad was in excellent spirits. The farther he traveled away from San Francisco, the better he felt.

"This hyar is somethin' like livin'," said he, exhaling a grateful cloud of smoke. "Plenty o' room ter breathe in, an' a feller kin take a *pasear* as fur as he likes an' not run the risk o' gittin' lost."

"Elegant prospect, too," remarked the scout, with an upward glance at the building on the bluff.

"Thet's whar ther hull kit an' caboodle o' ther Sam-sings ort ter be," scowled Nomad. "Ef I was ter hev my choosin', howsumever, I'd——"

The old trapper never finished the remark. His eye had caught sight of some one down the street, and he half-rose from his chair.

"Look, Buffler!" he exclaimed; "who's them two om-brays comin' from ther direction o' ther river?"

"Why," returned the scout, looking in the direction indicated by Nomad, "one of them is certainly the baron!"

Most certainly it was. There was a man on each side of the baron, helping him along. He was a sorry-looking sight, being bareheaded and having a generally torn and bedraggled appearance. There was a bandage about his head, and one of his boots was missing. He leaned heavily on the arms of the two who were supporting him.

"Something has gone crosswise with the baron," murmured the scout, not a little perturbed.

"He run inter them bow-string boys, I'll bet," volunteered Nomad, "an' didn't hev Pard Buffler ter help him out. But he ain't so bad off, fer all thet. He's still able ter walk, with er leetle help. Anyways, he's made out er gutta-percha. I don't keer how much ye bend him, he's bound ter flop back like he ort ter be, ef ye give him time."

Before the baron reached the veranda, he caught sight of the scout and the trapper. Knowledge that they were there, and waiting, acted like a magic tonic. Breaking away from the two men who were helping him, he gave a whoop and started for the veranda steps at a limping run.

"Puffalo Pill!" he cried; "und Nomat! Vell, py shinks, id makes a new man oudt oof me schust to look ad you. How you vas, anyway?"

The baron stretched out a hand to each and sank into a chair that the trapper pushed toward him.

"We're all right, baron," answered the scout, "but you seem to be a little bit under the weather."

"Vell, I come pooty near being a leedle bit under der vater, und I vould haf peen oof dese poys hatn't fished me oudt. Puffalo Pill, haf you got a hunnert tollars aboutt your clothes?"

"Why, yes, baron. What of it?"

"I bromised id to dese poys oof dey vould pring me pack py Yuma. Id's vort' id, I tell you dot."

"You have found out——"

"Vat you vant to know. Dot's vat ails me."

On the baron's bare word, the scout handed over a hundred in cash to one of the men who had assisted the

baron into port. After the men, with many expressions of good-will for the baron, the scout, and the trapper, had left, the baron roused up to remark:

"Vat I haf to say, Puffalo Pill, vill haf to be saidt some place vere id von't be heardt py any vone but you. Id's more imbortant as I can tell."

They found a place in one corner of the office; and there, while the baron rested himself in a comfortable rocker, the story of his misadventures were gone into.

"Thet's er surprise-party, all right, about Leetle Cayuse," said Nomad. "Ther kid's ther clear quill, an' I'll gamble a blue stack he's chasin' arter thet red headed Chink this minit. When he hits er trail, he's wuss ner a dog with er bone—ye kain't shake him loose."

The scout leaned back thoughtfully.

"Cayuse finding the baron, as he did, just before my telegram was received," he observed, "was surely a stroke of luck. The little Piute had been staying with the Yumas, and in his prowling around through the chaparral he caught sight of the fellow we're here to find."

"An' ther Red Head hes shore got Yee Wong with him. Et must er been ther gal ther baron seen bein' taken down ther rope ladder ter the boat."

"No doubt of it."

"Ther question is, whar did ther Chink take ther gal? An' why did he make sich er sudden move?"

"He got news that matters had gone wrong in 'Frisco," said the scout. "That's the reason the red-headed Chinaman changed his location. As to where he went, we'll have to trust that part of it to Little Cayuse."

"Then what's fer us ter do, Buffler?"

"Get horses and ride into that chaparral. We may find something there, and we may not. Little Cayuse, not knowing what had happened to the baron, was probably looking for him last night. Perhaps the boy left some clue as to where he has gone at the Chinaman's old hang-out. We'll go and take a look, Nick, at all events."

"Meppy I could go along mit you," began the baron, "und do somet'ing to helup?"

"Ye'd cut er nice figger goin' out arter 'Paches an' Chinks, wouldn't ye?" jeered Nomad. "You, a feller thet had ter hev two men help him up ter the hotel from the river!"

"Id vas pooty fierce luck, ain't id?" groaned the baron.

"You have done your part, baron," said the scout warmly, "and done it well. Nick will help you up-stairs to your room and I'll arrange for a doctor to come and see you at once."

The baron had stiffened up a little while he had been sitting in the rocking-chair, and it took Nomad several minutes to get him up and started. Meanwhile, Buffalo Bill had arranged for a doctor, and had telephoned one of the town corrals for two saddle-horses.

The animals came presently, and the pards mounted and rode in the direction of the Yuma encampment.

CHAPTER XII.

THE "PICTURE-WRITING."

"I don't want ter pick no flaws in yer head-work, Buffler," said Nomad, "seein' as how that's my own short suit, as ye might say, but thar's one thing erbout this hyar purceedin' of ours thet gits past my guard."

"What's that?" the scout asked.

"Red Head got away with ther gal in er boat, didn't he?"

"According to the baron, yes."

"An' thar was on'y one boat."

"I didn't hear the baron say anything about two boats."

"Waal, ef Cayuse hadn't no boat, how could he foller the Chink an' the 'Paches? An' he didn't hev no hoss, nuther, ef I gits ther baron right."

"If the red-headed Chinaman went down-stream, or up-stream, in the boat, Nick, Cayuse could follow along the bank. If the Chinaman crossed the river, you may rest assured Cayuse found a way to get himself across."

"Ther Piute's a liddle fernomenon," averred Nomad, "an', as he knowed what ye wanted done, we kin gamble thet he'd do et, er try to. But he ain't twins, an' he kain't be in two places to oncet. In other words, Buffler, he kain't be trailin' Red Head, an' ridin' back ter Yuma ter tell us whar Red Head's gone."

"Cayuse will find out some way to give us all the information we need," said the scout confidently.

As the Piute boy had done when leading the baron to the chaparral, Buffalo Bill gave the Yuma camp a wide berth. This would forestall any meddlesome curiosity on the part of the Yumas.

Entering the brushy stretch at about the point where Cayuse and the baron had struck into it, the pards were able to look along the bluff and see the rope ladder which had been used by the red-headed Chinaman and the Apaches in getting away from their chaparral hang-out.

While proceeding onward in single file, and forcing their way through the tangled bushes, the pards kept a sharp lookout for skulking red and yellow men. Their vigilance, however, gave them no glimpse of a foe.

In due course they came out into a clearing in the heart of the chaparral. It was a small clearing, and had an adobe hut in the center of it.

The hut was so low that its roof did not overtop the bushes at the clearing's edge.

"Good place fer a gang er criminals ter roost," commented the trapper, sizing up the advantages of the situation. "No one would ever dream thar was a 'dobe hyar until he got right inter ther clearin'. Thet's whar Tau Kee's hirelin's hev been keepin' Yee Wong, I reckon, while ther big Chiny high boy has been stirrin' things up about her."

They rode to the door of the hut, and the scout dis-

mounted. While Nomad held his horse, Buffalo Bill entered the shack and took a survey of its interior.

A canvas curtain partitioned the hut into two rooms. Both rooms were roughly furnished with the few articles a Chinaman considers necessary for comfort. There were no chairs or tables, but straw matting covered the earthen floor. In one corner were a couple of bowls and two sets of chop-sticks; on a shelf were a jar of ink, a camel's-hair brush, and a number of sheets of rice-paper.

A little to one side of the door a square sheet of paper lay on the matting, with a white poker-chip in the middle of it. The combination struck the scout as rather too odd for mere accident, and he bent down and picked up the paper and the chip.

There was a rude drawing on the paper. In order to give it a closer examination, the scout carried the paper out into the sunlight.

"What ye found, pard?" queried the trapper.

Buffalo Bill showed him the poker-chip and the paper.

"Chink's doin's," muttered the trapper.

"Perhaps," replied the scout; "but this drawing interests me. There are four human figures represented on this paper, Nick."

"Waugh! Et looks more like some feller had shut his eyes an' tried ter draw a plan of er house with er paint-brush."

"The drawing was done with Chinese writing-materials. There are a brush and a pot of ink on a shelf in the hut."

"How d'ye make human figgers out of them, Buffler?" And, as he put the question, Nomad bent over the scout's shoulder and fixed his eyes on the rude diagram.

"It's Indian drawing," went on the scout. "First, there are three figures, two quite large and the one in the middle somewhat smaller. They are holding each other by the hand. That rude circle around the head of one of the figures seems to represent the sun; and under the three is something that looks like a boat."

"Ye got er powerful imagination, pard," remarked the trapper.

"The figure with the sun enclosing its head is that of a Chinaman—for there's the cue, and it's a long one."

"Is et a risin' sun, er a settin' sun? Et might mean them three figgers was goin' east er west," suggested Nomad, getting interested.

"It is neither a rising nor a setting sun, Nick; just a plain, round sun, with half a dozen rays striking off from its rim. By George!" exclaimed the scout. "The sun is red. That must mean the red-headed Chinaman is one of the figures."

"Keno! Et's es plain as print in er black night."

"The other large figure, in this group of three," pursued the scout, "is that of an Indian. The feather in the hair makes that clear. The smaller figure between the

Indian and the Chinaman is that of a woman, a Chinese woman."

"What does thet big dot mean, right in front o' ther Injun?"

"That means, perhaps, another redskin. A party of three got away in a boat, taking a Chinese woman along."

"Who's thet behind?"

"A little Indian."

"What's them two things in front o' ther leetle Injun?"

"They're supposed to be moccasins. The meaning is, I take it, that the little Indian followed the party in the boat on foot. The paper was left here for the baron."

"Waugh! He'd hev played hob figgerin' out ther meanin' o' ther diagram. Leetle Cayuse must hev drawed thet picter, an' et's more of er credit ter his ingenooity than to his skill."

"It settles our doubts, at all events. We know, now, that he followed the fugitives. There is no guesswork about it."

"But what does ther poker-chip mean?"

"That's too deep for me. I can't see how the chip has any bearing at all on the picture-writing. The cabin has been abandoned, however, and there's nothing further to be gained by staying around here. We'll mount and ride back to the edge of the bluff. Possibly we can find something else of importance in the vicinity of the rope ladder."

The scout swung himself to the saddle, and he and the trapper spurred around the hut and headed westward across the clearing.

"Jest wait er minit, Buffler," said the trapper suddenly.

He had been surveying the ground for tracks. He saw no tracks, but he did see another poker-chip—a red one. The chip lay on the ground a few yards to the south of the hut.

While Nomad was picking up the red chip, Buffalo Bill rode on to the southern edge of the clearing and picked up a blue one.

"The whole business is beginning to clear up, Nick," the scout called. "Little Cayuse is leaving a poker-chip trail for us to follow."

"Hooray fer ther leetle Injun!" exulted the trapper. "Thar's more'n one way ter skin er woodchuck, an' et's a cinch Cayuse is wise ter all of 'em."

"After Cayuse left the baron," said the scout, "he must have scouted near enough to the hut to see what was going on. He saw the red-headed Chinaman take Yee Wong and make for the boat, with the Apaches following; he saw the outfit get into the boat, and waited long enough to make sure which way the boat was going. Then, while the baron was being thrown into the river, Cayuse was back here drawing his diagram. When he had finished, he did not take time to hunt for the baron, because he had already lost several minutes over his

picture-writing. Without the loss of a moment, he started off after the boat-party, dropping poker-chips as he went."

"Sure thet was ther way o' et. Like es not, Cayuse found ther chips in ther hut."

"It makes little difference where he found them; the fact remains that he had them, and that he is using them cleverly."

"Et's er wonder the 'Pache thet hove ther baron inter ther river didn't come back hyar, find ther pictur'-writin', an' tear et up—say nothin' o' makin' things interestin' fer Cayuse."

"That Apache probably made himself scarce soon after the red-headed Chinaman and the other Indians got away in the boat with Yee Wong."

"A good idee usin' ther boat. Water leaves no trail, an' I reckons Red Head was powerful anxious ter kiver his tracks. Et's us fer ther poker-chip trail; eh, Buffler?"

"Exactly. We'll run it out, Nick, and see if we can find Yee Wong at the end of it."

Without more ado, Buffalo Bill again plunged into the chaparral. Everything was depending on Little Cayuse, and the pards knew the boy would not fail them.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE POKER-CHIP TRAIL.

From the clearing to the edge of the chaparral the chips were hard to follow. A good deal of time was lost, searching to find a telltale disk of red, white, or blue when the trail had been lost.

Cayuse must have appreciated the fact that whatever friend followed him would experience difficulty in keeping the right track through the dense thickets, for he had dropped the chips with a prodigal hand; but, in order to make the trail perfectly easy, he would have had to lay one of the disks at intervals of five or six feet, and he had to think of marking a long trail, and not be any more generous with the chips than actually necessary.

It was with a feeling of intense relief that the pards finally emerged from the chaparral down the river. Beyond them, as far to the southward as the eye could reach, stretched a series of sandy mounds, entirely bare of every sort of vegetation except cactus.

Here the chips could be readily detected; and, although they were lying at wide intervals, the pards rode at a gallop and easily followed.

The course paralleled the river, yet far enough away from it to indicate that Cayuse had screened himself from the eyes of those in the boat by trailing along under the higher mounds at the bank's edge.

"Sence we seen ther kid last, Buffler," remarked Nomad, "he ain't lost none er his cunnin'."

"If anything," said the scout, "his experience in the army must have still further sharpened his wits. He had good friends in the army, and I'm wondering why he ever left it."

"Prob'ly et got too monotonous fer him. Tootin' ther bugle, like he done, must git ter wearin' on er kid's narves, arter a while. Reveille, assembly, stable-call, mess-call, taps; et's ther same thing over an' over. Cayuse is one o' ther kind thet likes ter be doin' things wuth while, an' ter be doin' 'em continual. In our hurry ter git away from Yuma, Buffler, we overlooked an' important p'int."

"What was that?"

"Why, ther hotel waiter thet ther baron run onter in ther chaparral. The Chink told ther baron a lame story. Like es not he was in cahoots with ther 'Pache thet tossed ther baron inter ther river."

"I thought of that fellow, all right, but with our taking the trail his capacity for doing any harm had materially diminished. We can look after him when we get back."

The sandy hills grew higher and rougher as the pards rode southward. Occasionally they happened upon a dribble of water flowing through a swale, a few scanty cottonwoods growing on the creek's banks.

At one of these swales the pards halted for a little to breathe their horses.

"I wonder how fur Cayuse had ter foller thet outfit?" ruminated the trapper. "He must er hed a tremenjous supply o' poker-chips."

"Not so many as you'd think, Nomad," returned the scout. "But he began to run short some distance back, for they're lying farther and farther apart. I hope he succeeded in running out the trail before he ran out of chips."

"Even ef he didn't, ye kin bet yer moccasins he found some way o' lettin' us know how he went."

Half an hour after leaving their temporary halting-place, the pards passed the last chip. The next object on which their eyes lighted, as having been used to fill out the trail, aroused the deepest astonishment.

The object was a *ten-dollar gold piece*!

Buffalo Bill swung over from his saddle and picked it up.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "This celluloid trail is turning into a trail of gold. Wouldn't that knock you slabsided, Nick?"

"Et does!" breathed the old trapper. "I'm shakin' so ye kin hyer my spurs rattle. Wherever did ther kid corral the gold?"

"However he got it, he came by it honestly. We know enough about him to be sure of that."

"Kerect! Thar ain't a dishonest ha'r in ther kid's skelp-lock. But he's mighty keerless with his money."

"What does Little Cayuse care about the money so long as it helps us along the trail? He knows this business is of the utmost importance, or I would never have sent that telegram to the baron. Well, here's one piece of gold, at least, that Cayuse is going to get back again."

The scout dropped the coin into his pocket and spurred on. Presently there came another flash of light from a rise ahead. It proved to be a second ten-dollar gold piece.

From that on, the coins lay at irregular intervals, but always on rising ground, where the sun would catch their gleaming surfaces and reflect a dazzling point of light. And always the coins would be picked up and carefully kept for Cayuse.

"What er reg'lar picnic some Chink er 'Pache would hev had," said the trapper, "ef he had follered ther trail ahead o' us. A red man, er a yellor 'un, would have scooped in enough gold ter make him independent."

"Cayuse is helping us out regardless of expense," smiled Buffalo Bill. "But that's the kind of a lad he is."

After picking up the last gold piece, Buffalo Bill, who was riding in the lead, topped a "rise" of ground that gave him an unexpected glimpse of something ahead and to the right. Quickly he backed his horse down the slope and laid a restraining hand on Nomad's bridle.

"What's ter pay?" asked the trapper.

"We're at the end of the trail," replied the scout, slipping his feet out of the stirrups and sliding to the ground. "Take my horse and ride to the foot of the hill. I'll reconnoiter a little and rejoin you in a few minutes."

Before the trapper could ask any further questions, Buffalo Bill had started westward under the brow of the "rise."

A hundred yards brought him to the bluffs at the river; then, with exceeding care, he crawled up the slope, pulled off his hat, and stared at the bank below.

What he had seen from the top of the "rise" while in the saddle was the upper part of a square sail showing over a low bluff. The boat, of which the sail formed a part, was now plainly under the scout's eyes.

At that point there was a sort of inlet, where the river received a smaller stream. At its entrance, the inlet was narrow and brush-covered, but back of the entrance it opened out into a sort of bay.

The boat at which the scout was looking lay in the bay, beside a wharf rudely constructed of bamboo piles and pine planks. It was a queer-looking craft, with places notched along its bulwarks for sweeps. Buffalo Bill had no difficulty in identifying it as a junk.

The craft was fairly swarming with coolies, naked to the waist and with long knives thrust into their belts. Some were smoking and idling about on the wharf; others were asleep fore and aft on the junk, and still others were taking down the square lug-sail.

Buffalo Bill was no more than a minute in realizing

that here was Tau Kee's port of entry for his illegal trading. The place was in Mexican territory. Bringing his contraband goods up the Gulf of California and up the Colorado River in light-draft junks, the wily Tau Kee had them unloaded in this screened inlet, after which they were started along his "underground railway" into the States.

The junk, it was plain, had but recently arrived in the inlet, but no contraband goods were being unloaded. Were the coolies waiting for night? Considering the sequestered situation of the inlet, such caution seemed hardly necessary.

It might be that the junk had called to pick up the troublesome Yee Wong, and convey her to some place where she would not prove so troublesome to the wily Tau Kee. If the Chinese girl was on the junk, how was Buffalo Bill and Nomad to get her away, guarded as she was by all those armed coolies?

This was a task that gave the scout food for reflection. He and Nomad were there to get Yee Wong, and there would be no time to return to Yuma after a larger force. If Yee Wong was to be rescued, it must be then, or never.

The scout, much perturbed, retraced his way swiftly to where Nomad was holding the horses and waiting.

"Ye look worried, pard," said the trapper.

"I am," was the response, "no two ways about that. What can you and I do against thirty well-armed Brothers of the Bow-string?"

"Thirty?" echoed Nomad.

"All of that, to say nothing of the red-headed Chinaman and the Apaches."

"What did ye see, Buffler?"

"A Chinese junk laid up at a wharf in an arm of the river. It's a great place for smuggling. The junk sails up the gulf and the river and works her way into the inlet by means of sweeps. There the goods are unloaded, received by agents of Tau Kee, and toted over the line, most of them, I suppose, finally landing in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco. Tau Kee must be a mighty clever Chink! No wonder he has got rich in the business."

"Is the gal on the junk?"

"I didn't see her. The coolies are so thick on the junk you can't see much of anything else. But the girl must be there. The junk, I believe, came purposely to take her away."

"Take her whar?"

"Pass the ante, Nick. If the junk had brought goods, the coolies would be unloading them."

"We got ter git the gal away afore the junk pulls out?"

"If we get her at all. It's going to be a hard job for us two, and there's no time to get back to Yuma for help."

"Then hyar's my chance ter break even with ther Sam-

sings!" growled Nomad. "Say ther word, pard, an' we'll charge ther hull bunch."

"And get sponged out for our pains! That would be a great play. It won't do, Nick. If we ever used head-work, we've got to use it now."

"The Chinks aire too crafty, Buffler. We kain't fool 'em at their own game. Ef we could——"

"Pa-has-ka!"

The low call came from eastward, along the foot of the ridge at whose base the pards stood talking. Both whirled about on the instant.

"Cayuse!" exclaimed Nomad, a broad grin breaking over his face. "I thort et was erbout time thet kid showed up."

It was really the little Piute. Lithe and straight he stood at the foot of the slope, his eagle feather nodding in the faint breeze; and while he stood he beckoned.

"He wants us to come," said Buffalo Bill. "He knows more in a minute about this game, Nick, than we do in a year. Perhaps he has some other plan, or can give us information that will point to an easier way for getting Yee Wong than fighting that big outfit of coolies. We'll go and see what he wants."

The next moment the pards were in the saddle, riding after Little Cayuse.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LOG HUT.

As the pards rode forward, Cayuse glided on ahead of them, silently and swiftly. The arroyo narrowed into a steep cut between banks covered thickly with manzanita, and in the brushiest part of the cut Cayuse halted and waited for the pards to overtake him.

His eyes were gleaming brightly, and, in spite of his attempt to hide his happiness at meeting the scout and the trapper, it showed plainly.

"How?" said he, taking Buffalo Bill's hand. "Pa-has-ka look heap fine. Wolf-killer," he added, turning and giving his hand to the trapper, "look heap fine, too. Cayuse heap glad find um pards once more. Where Dutch pard, huh?"

"Our Dutch pard met with hard luck, Cayuse," said the scout. "He's back in the Yuma hotel, in the hands of a doctor."

"How you find um poker-chip trail?"

"The baron told us about that hut in the chaparral, and when Nomad and I got there we discovered your picture-writing."

"Great writin', Cayuse," interposed the trapper, with a grin, "on'y et 'u'd take er man with a big intelleck ter figger et out."

"Pa-has-ka figger um," said the boy, with an admiring

look at the scout. "You read um picture-writing, follow um poker-chip trail. Red-head yellow man here," and the boy waved his hand. "Him got yellow woman 'long, and Apache warrior, too. Heap lot yellow men on big canoe in river."

"I've already found out about the big canoe, Cayuse," said the scout. "When did that come in?"

"Two, three hour ago. Yellow men use long paddles, bring canoe into bay. Ugh! Yellow men no good. Got bad hearts."

"They're smugglers, Cayuse. You *sabe* smugglers?"

"Me *sabe*."

"Have the yellow men unloaded any goods from the big canoe?"

"No see um."

"You followed the red-head yellow man down the river?"

"Sure."

"When did they get here?"

"During night."

"So you've been on the go all night and all day, up to now?"

"Pa-has-ka tell Dutch pard trail um Red Head. Dutch pard no trail um; me trail um."

"Had anything to eat?"

A look of contempt crossed Cayuse's face.

"Cayuse no squaw; him all same warrior. Pull up belt, eat when um get food. Heap easy follow boat; heap easy stay here, no let yellow men see. Umph!"

The scout and the trapper dismounted.

"We are trying to rescue the Chinese woman, Cayuse," went on the scout. "She was stolen away from her native country by a smuggler called Tau Kee. The woman's name is Yee Wong, and it is imperative that we rescue Yee Wong and send her to San Francisco. *Sabe*?"

"Heap *sabe*," nodded Cayuse.

"There are a lot of Chinamen on the junk, and only three of us to turn the trick. To go back to Yuma for help is out of the question. Yuma is too far away, and before we could get back here with a big enough force to cope with the coolies the junk will have sailed away to the gulf, taking Yee Wong."

"Yee Wong not on junk," said Cayuse.

"She isn't?" asked the scout quickly.

"She in cabin, now; mebbysgo go on junk bymby. Red-head yellow man and Apaches watch cabin. We take um Yee Wong out of cabin, make run on horses, get away from coolies. Wuh!"

"Et's better bein' born lucky ner han'some, ain't et?" crooned the trapper. "Waugh! What's er few 'Paches an' one red-headed Chink? Ther job's as easy as fallin' orf er log."

"Take me to a place from which I can see the cabin, Cayuse," said the scout, thrilled by this sudden turn of events as presented by Cayuse.

"Come," said Cayuse, starting up the southern slope through the manzanita.

"Stay with the horses, Nick," said the scout to his pard; "I'm going with Cayuse to get the lay of the land."

"Don't fergit me when et comes ter the fightin'," begged the trapper. "Ye understand, Buffler, I owe ther Sam-sings a hull lot."

"We'll all have plenty of fighting, I reckon, before we get away with Yee Wong."

From the bushes at the top of the bank, Buffalo Bill and Cayuse were able to look down on a small stream that entered the Colorado and formed the inlet. The valley through which the stream flowed was narrow and crooked, and a bend hid the inlet from the cabin.

The cabin was constructed of cottonwood logs, and the roof was of tule thatch. It was small, and from its door ran a well-beaten path westward, along the edge of the stream and to the inlet.

Two Apaches were dozing in the sun in front of the cabin. While the scout and the boy were peering cautiously downward, a Chinaman in black clothes, with a long, red cue swinging behind him, came out of the cabin door, spoke sharply to one of the Indians, and then ambled off in the direction of the river. The scout and the boy gazed after him until he had vanished around the bend.

"You want um yellow woman," whispered Cayuse: "get her now. Mebbysgo red-head yellow man go to make ready send yellow woman on big canoe."

It looked to the scout like a propitious moment. Although he would have liked to make a prisoner of the red-headed Chinaman, yet that was impossible, considering that they would have to make a dash in getting clear with Yee Wong.

"Now's the time, all right, Cayuse," returned the scout. "We'll have to rush the Apaches. They'll set up a clamor, of course, and that will bring the coolies. We'll have to get away with Yee Wong before the coolies come."

"Fool um Apaches," suggested Cayuse.

"How?"

"Make ready go to cabin, Pa-has-ka. Leave Cayuse 'lone. Watch um."

The boy turned, crept off through the brush for a dozen yards, and then, rising suddenly, he boldly emerged onto the slope that descended to the bottom of the valley.

The eagle-eyed Apaches sighted him before he had taken a dozen steps in the open. In a flash they were on their feet; and, in another flash, they were bounding up the ascent in hot pursuit of Cayuse.

The boy, playing his part well, halted as though startled. Then, whirling about, he rushed into the manzanita again.

At the point where he vanished from the sight of Buf-

falo Bill, the two Apaches, in a few minutes, likewise vanished.

Thus, at grave risk to himself, the brave Indian boy had cleared the way for the scout. The scout felt sure that it was Cayuse's intention to lure the two Apaches into the cut, where he and Nomad would have no difficulty in taking care of them.

Pushing out of the bushes, the scout hurried down the slope toward the cabin. At the cabin door he halted to give a cautious look in the direction of the inlet. No one was visible in that direction. If the scout worked quickly, it might be possible to get away with Yee Wong before the red-headed Chinaman or any of the coolies got wind of what was going on.

The cabin door was open. As the scout's gaze passed through the opening, a queer scene met his eyes.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RESCUE OF YEE WONG.

Almost directly in front of the scout, not far from the end wall of the cabin, was a copper vase in the form of a dragon. Half a dozen punk-sticks were smoking in the vase, filling the room with a pungent, pleasant vapor which drifted slowly out of the door.

At the foot of the vase was a Chinese girl. She could not have been more than sixteen years old, and, with her olive cheeks, almond eyes, and penciled eyebrows, she was wondrously pretty. Her head was bare, and her blue-black hair, combed in the Chinese style, was held at each side, above her ears, by two clusters of mock-jewels. Her blouse and trousers were of white silk, embroidered with gold; while her feet, bound in infancy after the barbarous Chinese custom, were small as a child's and encased in diminutive sandals of red velvet. Her hands, which lay despairingly in her lap, were held together by silver manacles, clasped to the wrists.

On the way to Yuma from San Francisco the scout had studied the photographs of Yee Wong and Tau Kee. There was not the least doubt about the girl, at whom he was looking, being the mandarin's daughter.

The drifting fog from the punk-sticks blew into the scout's face. He sneezed; for, although the odor of the incense was pleasant, a full breath of it was more than he could stand.

The sneeze drew the girl's attention. A sharp exclamation escaped her, and Buffalo Bill heard a sound as of some one moving quickly. With a quick step he crossed the threshold, only to be met by the spiteful bark of a revolver.

A bullet zipped past his ear and buried itself with a thud in the log wall. The girl struggled to her knees, clasping her hands and moaning with terror.

Facing about, Buffalo Bill saw an Apache Indian. Evidently he had been left in the hut as an inside guard. The Apache held a lance in one hand and a revolver in the other. Before the scout could reach him, he had pulled trigger again, but the hollow *click* that followed proved that the chambers of the weapon had been exhausted.

The scout had little time to bother with the redskin. The shot, echoing down the valley, would reach the ears of the red-headed Chinaman and the coolies. In short order they would come piling up the valley, and the scout must be well away with Yee Wong by that time.

With an ear-splitting yell, the Apache cast his useless revolver aside and leaped toward the girl with his lance.

A cry of fear broke from Yee Wong's lips as Buffalo Bill sprang at the murderous redskin and seized his lance.

There was small doubt in the scout's mind but that the Apache had orders to slay the girl before allowing her to be rescued. That was a favorite method pursued by the Chinese.

With a fierce jerk, the scout wrenched the lance out of the Apache's hand. Leaping back, the savage jerked a knife from his belt and flung himself forward.

In this he missed his calculations, for the scout received him on the point of the lance. Deep into his breast sank the poisoned lance-head, impelled as much by the impetus of the Indian as by the strength of the scout's arms. Staggering back, the Apache flung up his hands and crumpled to the floor.

Without a word, the scout turned quickly to the girl and caught her up in his arms. Failing to understand that she was being rescued, the girl began to scream and struggle.

There was no time for explanations then, for the scout could hear a medley of yells down the valley, and he knew that the Chinamen were coming.

As he raced out of the cabin, carrying Yee Wong as easily as he would have carried a child, he saw a wave of coolies rolling up the valley. The coolies' long knives flashed in the sun. But they were armed with something besides knives, for the crack of revolvers suddenly punctuated the frantic yelping of the yellow men.

The bullets sang all around the scout and the girl, some singing through the air overhead and others kicking up little flurries of dust close to the scout's feet.

It was impossible for Buffalo Bill, burdened as he was, to make any sort of defense; all he could do was to run as fast as he could across the bed of the valley and up the slope toward the covert of manzanita.

But there were others to fight the battle for him. Cayuse and Nomad were on the brow of the "rise," and their weapons tuned up and began to cover the scout's flight.

The reports came like the explosion of a bunch of fire-

crackers, and the coolies halted in their breakneck race for the cabin.

"Get to the horses!" panted the scout, reaching the edge of the thicket.

"You mount yer hoss, Buffler," called back Nomad, "an' trail down ther cut ter ther arroyo, leadin' mine. Cayuse an' me'll fight ther varmints off an' keep 'em from climbin' ter ther top o' ther bank an' pickin' us off as we hike through the brush. We'll jine ye in the arroyo."

This was a good plan, but whether it was good or not there was no time for a debate.

As quickly as he could go, the scout stumbled through the manzanita. When he reached the horses he saw the two Apaches lying in the bottom of the cut. Beguiled by Cayuse into the vicinity of the old trapper, the two redskins had been met and vanquished.

Mounting with the girl in front of him, the scout took Nomad's horse by the bridle and spurred in the direction of the arroyo.

The girl was still struggling, and, as the scout had to hold her with one hand, she hampered him considerably.

"Yee Wong!" he exclaimed.

The girl turned to look into his face. There was an expression of wonder in her almond eyes. She said something, but it was in Chinese and the scout could not understand.

"I'm a friend," continued the scout. "Do you *sabe* friend?"

"Flien'," repeated the girl, and followed the word with more Chinese talk.

It is possible that Yee Wong, from that single word "friend," was beginning to get the drift of affairs. At any rate, little as she understood the scout, and little as he understood her, she gave over her struggles.

On down the cut the scout forced his way, while the rattle of firearms came from the valley and from the bank of the cut on the south.

As the scout moved forward with the horses, Nomad and Little Cayuse kept pace with him, holding off the Chinamen by virtue of their superior marksmanship and quicker shooting.

"Hustle along, Buffler!" the trapper suddenly yelled, from above. "Some o' ther bow-string boys aire makin' ready ter climb over the 'rise' inter the arroyo. Ye'll hev ter stir yerself ef we beat 'em out."

Buffalo Bill dug in with his spurs and the horses thrashed through the bushes. Buckskin "chaps" and stirrup *tapideros* were what he needed for that scramble through the manzanita; but those were the things he did not have, and he made no effort to defend himself against the tearing sweep of the bushes; but he kept Yee Wong safe by holding her up in front of him.

At last, with an exclamation of relief, he galloped out upon the clear sand of the arroyo, and Nomad and Little Cayuse came racing down the slope to join him.

"They're pluggin' right erlong arter us, Buffler," puffed the trapper, as he sprang to the back of his horse. "Seems like thar was more'n a million of 'em, an' they're crazy fer fair. They don't like et much, I reckon, hevin' ther mandarin's darter stolen right out from under their Chink noses. Up with ye, Cayuse!" he added to the boy.

With a flying leap, Little Cayuse gained the back of the horse at the saddle-cantle, and the pards spurred at speed up the north slope of the arroyo.

From the opposite "rise" the baffled Chinamen clustered and poured a withering fire; but their marksmanship was bad, and, besides, Buffalo Bill and his pards were almost out of range.

"Have they got any horses, Cayuse?" asked the scout, as he led the way over the top of the hill.

"No got cayuse," said the boy; "yellow men use um boat."

"A boat's er handy thing, but et won't do 'em no good chasin' us," jubilated the trapper. "Waugh, but thet was warm work! I paid 'em back fer the 'twenty thousand delights' them other Sam-sings give me in 'Frisco.'"

By that time the fugitives were far enough away so that they could slacken speed. There was not the least danger of their being overtaken by the outwitted Chinamen.

"Heap fine," said Little Cayuse. "Yellow men got bad hearts; Pa-has-ka teach um good lesson."

"It was a needed lesson, too," said the scout.

"The big high boy with ther red pigtail won't help Tau Kee no more," said the trapper. "Him an' me drew a bead on each other erbout ther same time, but I was a shade quicker in the pull. Ef I hadn't been, Buffler, I'd never hev made this hyar ride back ter Yuma with ye."

"How many were there of the rascals?"

"Forty ef thar was one!" declared Nomad. "While you was in ther cabin, Cayuse an' me had a purty leetle go with them two 'Paches, in ther cut. Cayuse brought 'em right down on me, but I'd got wind o' what he was up ter, an' it wasn't no surprise-party. Mebby ther baron wouldn't hev liked ter be in this! He'll be gloomed up fer quite er spell over what he's missed."

"The baron had his excitement last night. He had enough then, I reckon, to last him for some time. Cayuse," the scout went on, speaking to the Indian boy, "you were pretty free with your gold pieces."

"Wuh!" muttered Cayuse.

"Must be well heeled with wampum, Cayuse, eh?" asked the trapper.

"Use um gold all up. Him all right."

"Waal, ye didn't lose it. Buffler an' me picked up every glitterin' piece an' ye kin hev 'em back as soon as we hit Yuma. Whar'd ye git the stuff?"

"Him army pay, extra-duty pay," said the boy.

"Saved et all, did ye?"

"Wuh!"

"Whyever did ye quit the army, kid? The sojers thort a heap o' ye."

"Ugh! Pony-sojers make war on Piutes; Piutes Little Cayuse's people; Little Cayuse no fight Piutes."

"Don't blame ye fer quittin', ef thet's ther case. A Piute ain't like a 'Pache. The 'Paches fight their own people for the whites."

"Apache no good," said Little Cayuse.

CHAPTER XVI.

BACK IN YUMA.

It was late when the victorious scout reached Yuma with his pards and Yee Wong. The horses were completely fagged, and all hands were hungry and nearly as tired as the double-burdened horses.

With scant thought for himself, Buffalo Bill's first move was to place Yee Wong in the motherly hands of Mrs. Preston, wife of the proprietor of the Grand Central Hotel. He told Mrs. Preston enough of the girl's story, so that she would understand the importance of keeping her safe. Little Cayuse was left with Yee Wong and Mrs. Preston as a body-guard, with particular orders to keep an eye on Ah Fong, in case he should present himself.

The baron, aroused from his slumbers by the commotion in the hotel, got into his clothes and came limping to the office; there, while he was getting as much of an account of recent stirring events as he could from Cayuse, the scout and the trapper went away—the former to the telegraph-office to send another "rush" message, and the latter to return the horses to the corral.

The scout's telegram was brief, but to the point. It ran as follows:

"FINUCANE, Chief of Police, San Francisco.

"Yee Wong in our hands. Send some one after her.
"CODY."

Gordon and another officer came, reaching Yuma on the following afternoon. With them was a maiden lady from one of the 'Frisco missions, a lady who could talk Chinese. She was to have immediate charge of Yee Wong, with the officers acting as escort.

"I can hardly believe, Buffalo Bill," said Gordon, "that you accomplished so much in so short a time. The chief thought there must be some mistake; but I told him there couldn't be, and that you were not the sort to send a message for the fun of the thing."

"I was little more than a passenger at the wind-up," laughed the scout. "The credit for nearly all our success on the Colorado belongs to my Piute pard and my Dutch pard—principally to the boy."

"He's an odd youngster for you to have for a pard," remarked Gordon.

"I wish I had a dozen pards as loyal, and as full of grit and initiative. Little Cayuse is a wonder, Gordon."

"I believe you. Have you sent any one down the Colorado to look after that junk?"

"No officers from here could go there in an official capacity, you know. The place is in Mexican territory."

"I understand that. But the Mexicans themselves——"

"I have been told that a force of Mexicans have gone to the inlet. But I don't think they will accomplish much. Everything is *manana* with them. They're too slow."

"This *manana* business won't wash when you're dealing with men like these bow-string fellows."

"Hardly," said the scout. "It may be," he went on, with a troubled look, "that the Mexican authorities will claim Yee Wong."

"They'll have to be quick about it, if they do. The girl will pass through the Golden Gate on her way to the Flowery Kingdom inside of three days."

"The quicker you get her started for home, the better."

The scout and the officer were having their talk on the veranda. Before they finished, Miss Thompson, the lady from the mission, came out of the hotel and approached them.

"How's your protégée, Miss Thompson?" asked Gordon.

"Well and happy," the lady smiled, "but she has had a terrible experience."

"I imagine as much."

"She is very grateful to Mr. Cody and his friends, and says that she will tell her honorable father about him when she gets back to Peking."

"How did she happen to fall into the hands of Tau Kee's rascally slave-hunters?"

"She was visiting her honorable aunt in Shanghai, and was carried off to a junk in one of the river sampans. From the junk she was transferred to a vessel sailing for Acapulco, Mexico; and, at that port, she was put aboard another junk and brought up the Gulf of California to Yuma. She was first landed at that place where Buffalo Bill found her, and taken in charge by the red-haired Chinaman. From there she was brought to the rendezvous near here, where she was kept for several weeks; then, a day or two ago, a Chinaman named Ah Fong came and said that the white devils were on Yee Wong's track. That made it necessary for the red-haired Chinaman to take Yee Wong back to the inlet again. A junk was expected to come and remove her to some safer place, and the junk had already arrived when Mr. Cody came and rescued her."

"A pretty how-do-you-do when such things can happen in a country like this!" exclaimed Gordon.

"The worst of it happened in Mexico and China," interposed the scout; "and, as for the mandarin, he has only his own countrymen to blame. If he could get at some of those Brothers of the Bow-string, I imagine that a lot of heads would pay for the villainy."

"Did she say anything about Tau Kee?" went on Gordon, to Miss Thompson.

"She had quite a little to say about Tau Kee," answered the woman. "He had given orders, she said, that she was to be well treated, and she was."

"But where is this Tau Kee? Is he in 'Frisco?"

"She says no, that he lives in a dreary cañon among the mountains—a safe and secret place with the gruesome name of the Cañon of Death."

"Whoo!" muttered Gordon, "the name certainly has a gruesome sound. We're leaving on the morning train, Miss Thompson," he added. "Be ready, please, for we've got to get back to 'Frisco as soon as we can."

"We shall be ready," answered the woman, as she moved away.

"I don't believe that Tau Kee, after this experience, will give us any further trouble," said Gordon, when Miss Thompson had left. "That inlet, into which he brought his junks and unloaded his contraband goods, will never be safe for him after this. If he continues his operations, he will have to pick out some other place—and suitable places for that sort of work are scarce."

"I sincerely hope you have heard the last of him. His red-headed helper has been sent across the divide, and that may put a damper on Tau Kee's future unlawful plans."

"You are out some money and time by this work, Cody," said Gordon, after a little thought; "I am to make up to you all of your actual outlay, but all you get for the rest of it is glory."

"It was satisfaction enough for me to help, as best I could, in restoring Yee Wong to her father. If I can do anything more to help put down this smuggling business, I hope Finucane will not hesitate to call on me."

"You stand ace-high with Finucane, no doubt about that. The stuff found in that lacquered box came at just the right time to help him in his fight with the Chink lawbreakers. All Chinatown is scared about to death. There are more real good Chinamen in the Chink quarter now than was ever known before."

"That's a fine thing, anyhow. More power to the chief's arm! This is excellent work he's engaged in."

The next morning Miss Thompson and Yee Wong, convoyed by Gordon and his companion, boarded the train for 'Frisco. The last thing Yee Wong did was to take Buffalo Bill by the hand, smile at him gratefully, and say a lot of things in the Chinese language. The scout, of course, understood the smile better than he did the talk.

"She says," explained Miss Thompson, "that she wishes ten times a million delights to your illustrious worship, and hopes that you will live a hundred years and then meet your honorable ancestors in the Blissful Valleys."

"Tell her I wish her the same," laughed the scout, "but I don't expect to live to be a hundred, though I'm in no hurry to join my honorable ancestors."

The train arrived, the ladies got aboard, followed by the officers, and then the train pulled out again, on the way to San Francisco. And that, so far as Buffalo Bill was concerned, was the last of Yee Wong, beautiful daughter of the big high man of China.

The party of Mexicans who went to the inlet on the lower Colorado failed to find anything there but a deserted log cabin. The beaten path still ran from the cabin to the bank of the inlet, but there was not a thing in the inlet—even the bamboo wharf having been pulled up and taken away.

Ah Fong, before Buffalo Bill got around to have a heart-to-heart talk with him, made himself scarce; and he went so suddenly that he failed to collect nine dollars that was his due from the hotel-keeper. When a Chinaman will forget himself so far as to turn his back on nine dollars, it is a safe guess that his business in unknown quarters is very pressing.

The baron was recovering finely from his fall over the bluff until Nomad told him of the brisk skirmish at the inlet. Thereupon the baron had a backset. There had been a whole lot of excitement in which he had borne no part, and it seemed to strike in, like the measles.

Gradually, however, he got over the disappointment and became fairly cheerful once more.

Little Cayuse, who had so cleverly distinguished himself, received praise from everybody, but he had a head that could not be turned.

"Ye're all ter the good, Cayuse," said Nomad, clapping him affectionately on the shoulder. "The hull town has heerd about ye, and some good people want to make up a purse an' send ye to an Eastern school. How you like um, huh?"

"No like um," was the prompt response; "no go."

"What d'ye intend ter do with yerself?"

The boy was silent, his eyes wandering to that part of the veranda where sat Buffalo Bill, smoking and reading a paper. It was wonderful how the lad's eyes glowed as they fixed themselves on the scout.

"I see," chuckled Nomad. "Ye'd ruther go gallivanting around ther kentry with Pard Buffler, an' take yer schoolin' later on?"

"Wuh!" said Little Cayuse.

THE END.

The next number (368) will be "Buffalo Bill's Rattlesnake Trail; or, The Clue at the Dance Rock."



NEW YORK, May 23, 1908.

TERMS TO BUFFALO BILL STORIES MAIL SUBSCRIBERS.

(Postage Free.)

Single Copies or Back Numbers, 5c. Each.

3 months	65c.	One year	\$2.50
4 months	85c.	2 copies one year	4.00
6 months	\$1.25	1 copy two years	4.00

How to Send Money—By post-office or express money order, registered letter, bank check or draft, at our risk. At your own risk if sent by currency, coin, or postage stamps in ordinary letter.

Receipts—Receipt of your remittance is acknowledged by proper change of number on your label. If not correct you have not been properly credited, and should let us know at once.

ORMOND G. SMITH, }
GEORGE C. SMITH, } Proprietors.

STREET & SMITH, Publishers,
79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

AROUND THE CAMP FIRE.

PURSUIT OF THE COTTONTAIL.

In some parts of the country rabbits are so plentiful that large numbers can be killed without exertion. There rabbit-hunting is tame sport. But in Pennsylvania, New York, and other northeastern States rabbit-hunting is a pastime to be enjoyed.

The Northern gray rabbit is not a true denizen of the forest, although he does sometimes cross a stretch of heavy timber to get to some choice feeding-ground, or being pursued by hounds he may leave for the moment his favorite haunts. He enjoys the outskirts of wood, where rail fences and stump fences abound. Beneath them he finds many woodchuck burrows, in which he takes shelter from cold and storm and into which he can run when a fox surprises him skipping about on a moonlight night.

But the true home of the gray rabbit is the brush lot, where stumps, log-piles and piles of brush are found. Here he can run about in almost perfect safety, for the scanty brush always affords him some protection, and he is never far from shelter should he see a great horned owl silently beating its way toward him. Next to man, foxes and owls are his worst enemies.

Early in the season, before cold weather sets in, he spends the day under the brush-piles, crouching by the side of a log or a stump or perchance beneath a pile of rails, boards, and even under some of the farm outbuildings. Though having the reputation of being a timid creature, Br'er Rabbit rather enjoys the society of man.

Before the snow sets in rabbits are hunted most successfully with hounds or beagles, and this is considered by some sportsmen to be the finest kind of rabbit-hunting. There is no disputing the fact, however, that more pleasure can be derived from hunting rabbits after a good tracking snow has fallen than at any other time. Then it is that the rabbit prints the story of his night's doings upon the snow to be read by the hunter in the morning.

Armed with only a gun, the true sportsman sallies forth after a fresh fall of snow and soon finds a rabbit-track that was made the night before. Carefully he follows it back and forth through the brush, now across a frozen swamp, now along the margin of a stream, and then through an orchard where the rabbit has gone to feed upon the apples on the ground.

From the orchard the tracks lead the hunter in a circuit to a brush lot, and suddenly he comes to a rounded depression in the snow under a bush where Bunny has been napping since the sun came up. The chase now begins in earnest.

Judging from the distance between the tracks, Bunny must have started off at a 2:40 clip, which, if kept up, would soon put several miles between him and his pursuer. But the hunter does not worry about this. He knows that Bunny's fright is only spasmodic. At that very moment the little animal may be not more than a few hundred yards away, standing up and looking back at his pursuer.

The hunter must now be all eyes. He must watch not only the tracks before him, but also the brush on both sides, for he knows not at what moment the rabbit will turn and circle to the right or to the left.

The impulse of the young hunter is to hurry ahead and try to overtake the game, but when the snow is very deep one might as well attempt to overtake a flash of lightning. You are just as liable to see your game by advancing slowly as you are by going fast. Bunny seems to know that his legs are nimbler than yours, and he exerts himself just enough to keep beyond your reach, no matter how quick your pace.

Trailing a rabbit often calls for the skill of a woodsman or an Indian. Even after hours of patient tracking, the hunter may lose the track in a tangle of other tracks and be obliged to give up the chase and seek another locality where the conditions are more favorable.

Not only that, but should the rabbit become tired, or be too hard pressed, the hunter suddenly comes to the end of the trail leading into a woodchuck's burrow, or under a huge pile of stumps where it is impossible for him to get at the game. In the course of a day's tramp the hunter will often lose eight or ten rabbits this way.

The rabbit-hunter who looks upon this kind of trailing as too much exertion uses a dog to do the work for him, a hound or a beagle. Soon after he gets into the hunting-country the baying of the dog tells him that a rabbit-track has been found.

Rabbits usually keep within a certain comparatively small area and are loath to leave its bounds, so the hunter has a good chance to get a shot at the game if he chooses a good stand and waits until the dog drives the game to him. If the snow is light and deep, so that the rabbit sinks and is unable to keep ahead of the dog, he will take advantage of the first hole or shelter. On the other hand, if the ground is bare or there is only a thin covering of snow, Bunny will sometimes play with the dog for an hour or more before he gets tired and dives into a burrow.

Perched on a stump or on the top of a brush-pile the hunter listens to the deep bay of the hound and watches him working out the riddle of tracks. If the hound is a good one, it is interesting indeed to see him nosing his way along,

frequently giving tongue in an impatient, vexed manner, conveying the idea that while he has found a comparatively fresh rabbit-track he has been unable to work it out to his entire satisfaction.

Back and forth through the brush the faithful hound works, doubling and redoubling, crossing and recrossing his path time and again in an effort to find where the rabbit is hiding. Suddenly he starts off at full speed, giving vent to loud, quick yelps. Then the hunter knows that the game has been jumped and the chase is on.

Several rods in advance of the hound the hunter occasionally catches a glimpse of the rabbit, now leaping across an open space, now leisurely sauntering along a stump fence while the hound is working out a bit of perplexing track, then starting off at full pace as the dog presses him closely.

After half an hour or so of waiting, during which the rabbit may several times have passed the hunter's stand just beyond gun-shot, the rabbit finally gives him the opportunity sought, or the constant baying of the dog in one location tells him that his game has been holed and he might as well get his dog and seek a new field.

This holing up of a rabbit is just what the pot-hunter is looking for, for he uses a ferret to drive the rabbit from the burrow. In this way large numbers of rabbits are caught by the pot-hunter where the true sportsman would get but few.

In New York the law forbids rabbit-hunting with ferrets, but this makes little difference to the pot-hunter. With his ferret in a bag or a satchel slung from his shoulder, he tracks a rabbit into a hole, or with his dog drives it to shelter. After blocking other holes, should there be any, he slides the ferret into the burrow, and, kneeling before the entrance, awaits developments.

For several minutes all is still. Then there is heard a deep, rumbling sound far down in the earth, and the man knows that the ferret has found the rabbit and has started it. There are two ways of catching the game as it comes out. The hunter can use his hands if he chooses, but the common method is to stretch a grain sack over the burrow's entrance, into which the frightened rabbit dashes. He is then lifted out by the hind legs and his neck is broken.

A sort of compromise between the true sportsman and the pot-hunter just described is the hunter who gives the rabbit a chance for his life. He backs away from the burrow after liberating his ferret, and when the rabbit comes out he exerts his skill with a gun as the animal bounds over the snow in search of another place of safety.

A ferret that has not had his four long canine teeth cut, or has not been muzzled, will sometimes succeed in killing a rabbit in the burrow and cause his owner much trouble and delay. Instead of the thunderlike rumble, the hunter will hear high-pitched cries and the rumpus caused by the tussling animals. From one part of the burrow to another he can follow them by the sound, but soon all is quiet and his fears are realized.

What happens now? Well, it is simply a waiting-game in which the tables are turned. Up to the present moment the ferret has been waiting on the hunter, now the hunter waits on the ferret.

The hunter probably gave the ferret a scanty meal that

morning in order to whet his hunting-instinct. Now that the animal has killed a good meal, he will probably not leave until he has gorged himself. Then, being sleepy and finding a nice warm bed of leaves at the bottom of the burrow, he will curl up and take a nap.

The hunter may call and coax and possibly he will catch a glimpse of the ferret peeking out at him, as though to say, "Oh, no; you can't get me to leave this warm meal and bed for that close, stuffy bag." If he has a rabbit in his hunting-coat he keeps it handy for just such an emergency, and the instant he catches sight of the ferret he thrusts the rabbit deep into the hole and shakes it in an effort to persuade the ferret to catch hold of it and be drawn out.

Should this trick fail, the probability is that the hunter, after waiting from half an hour to three hours, will block up every entrance to the burrow and leave the ferret a prisoner. The following morning he will return and open the burrow, when he usually is able to coax the ferret out.

Many persons consider rabbit equal to chicken. The meat is tender when cooked properly, and, owing to the thick layer of flesh that runs along the back-bone, there is more eating to a rabbit than any other animal of its size.

ONE SUMMER AFTERNOON.

BY CAPTAIN R. M. HAWTHORNE.

George Denvers, a Kentucky pioneer, ceased swinging his keen ax one summer day when the giant oak was cut half in two, and, leaning on the glittering implement, gazed with a look of yearning affection along the forest path, in the direction of his home, a third of a mile away.

He had traversed that trail scores of times, going to and from this spot in the woods, which he had been busily occupied in clearing for weeks past. The soil was rich, he was rugged, strong, and enterprising, and he knew that every acre that he could prepare for cultivation would in time repay him tenfold.

The settler always carried his rifle, powder-horn, and bullet-pouch with him when he left home for the day, besides leaving a similar weapon behind for the use of his wife in case of necessity, for she was hardly a less skilful shot than he.

They had lived in Kentucky for a couple of years. There was danger at first from hostile Indians, and the pioneer exchanged shots more than once with the dusky miscreants; but the country was settling rapidly, the smoke of more than one cabin being visible from his own door. The red men had fallen steadily back before the advancing tide of civilization, until the pioneers had come to fear them no more. So it was that George Denvers' constant companionship with his rifle was in obedience to a habit rather than because of a belief that the real necessity for such precaution existed.

It was early in the afternoon that the pioneer ceased his work for a brief while and cast that affectionate look at the winding forest path which led to his home, where his faithful helpmeet was busy with her household duties.

But it was not the faintly marked trail at which he was gazing, but at a person who was walking away from him. That person was his little daughter Nellie, six

years old, who was moving homeward, singing snatches of song to herself and swinging a small basket in her hand. For days Nellie had begged her parents to allow her the privilege of carrying her father's dinner to him. He had always taken his midday lunch in the woods, and he did not fancy the thought of his precious little one making the journey alone.

There seemed no danger, however, and Nellie persisted in her winning entreaty, until at last the parents consented. Accordingly, a short time before meridian, the fond mother placed the little basket in her charge, kissed her good-by, and, standing in the doorway, watched her until a turn in the path hid her from sight.

She reached her father safely, for, though the path had been worn only by his feet, she had no trouble in keeping it. She lingered, playing with him for some time after the lunch was eaten, but finally kissing him farewell, as she had her mother, she moved gaily toward home.

The father did not stir for some minutes after she had vanished. Then with a sigh he resumed his work, and persevered until the forest monarch came crashing to the earth. There was a vast amount of labor awaiting him, but instead of settling about it with the vigor he was accustomed to show, he leaned his ax against the massive, prostrate trunk and stood a moment in perplexed thought.

"We never ought to have allowed her to come alone," he said, with another deep sigh; "I cannot rest until I know she is safely home again."

Leaving the implement inclined against the log, he picked up his weapon, slung the string of his powder-horn and bullet-pouch over his shoulder, and while doing so was walking rapidly in the footsteps of his little girl. Now that he was acting in obedience to the promptings of fear, he felt like running instead of walking, and the vague misgiving that had been forming in his mind became the torturing certainty that a fearful peril impended over his loved Nellie.

About half-way between the clearing and his home the path was crossed by a rivulet so small that Nellie could leap it without difficulty. The ground on both sides was so moist and yielding that one's footprints showed plainly; and, glancing downward as he was on the point of bounding lightly across, he saw the impressions made by the shoes of his child.

But his heart gave a great throb when he discovered at the same moment the marks of a pair of moccasins, which, in one or two places, almost obliterated the fairy-like trail. The father was unusually skilled in woodcraft, and it required but a few seconds for him to learn that the Indian had been there after Nellie set out for her home. There could be no doubt, therefore, that he was following her.

The settler now sped along the trail on a loping trot, just as he had done when engaged with the scouts and hunters in pursuing the marauding bands of Shawanoes and Wyandots. His eyes were fixed on the ground immediately in front, and nothing escaped that keen vision.

Like a flash, he noted the point where Nellie had left the path, and, turning to the left, had moved off among the trees. Stooping down, he scrutinized the ground more closely than ever. It was as he feared. The faint imprint of the moccasins showed beside the marks of the little shoes. The warrior and the child were in company; the latter had been taken captive by the Indian.

The lips of the father closed tightly, and the dark eyes flashed with an ominous light as he strode away among the trees, carrying his long rifle in a trailing position in his right hand. He glanced downward now and then, so as to make certain he was not going astray, but he scrutinized every part of the forest as it opened before him with a thoroughness that did not permit the falling leaf to escape his vision. He knew the savage and his prisoner could not be far off, and he was in momentary expectation of coming in sight of them.

He was not disappointed. It was only a few hundred yards from the trail that he caught the gleam of his little one's dress directly ahead. Stepping noiselessly behind a tree, he stole softly forward a few paces, and then the whole thing was before him.

A giant Indian was seated on a fallen tree with his back toward the pioneer. He was motionless, but the parent noticed that his right hand rested on his tomahawk at his hip, his left arm loosely enclosing his gun. His eyes were fixed upon the little girl, who stood a few paces away facing him, and, as a consequence, her father, whom she did not see.

The latter interpreted the situation thus: Nellie was pleading that she might be allowed to go home, and whether the captor understood her words or not he could not fail to understand her manner. He was probably considering the question whether he ought to rise and continue his flight with her or end the matter by slaying her, all the signs pointing to the latter conclusion.

George Denvers commanded the situation. It was the easiest thing in the world to end the matter without danger to himself or child. He was an unerring marksman; but as he brought his rifle to a level, he wished to spare the savage, though the wretch was entitled to no mercy.

"I'll give him the chance he wouldn't give me," muttered the pioneer, who the next moment stepped from behind the tree in plain sight, and with his weapon still at a dead level, called:

"Nellie, come to me!"

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed the delighted child, as she recognized her parent, and started with outstretched arms on a run toward him.

The Indian sprang up, as if bitten by a serpent, and wheeled about with the quickness of lightning. He saw the gun pointed straight at him. He must have known that the white man had restrained himself through a desire to show him mercy, for were it otherwise he would have fired before giving the alarm.

Knowing this, he must have understood, too, that he had only to remain "neutral" in order to save himself.

But that would have permitted his captive to escape, and the white man to triumph, and that was contrary to Indian nature. The tomahawk was snatched from his girdle, and with incredible quickness he drew it back over his shoulder with the purpose of hurling the deadly weapon at the unsuspecting child.

George Denvers' woodcraft and past experience, however, had taught him to expect that very thing. He was ready for it. Before the warrior could drive the tomahawk into the body of Nellie her father pressed the trigger.

I have said he was an unerring marksman, and on this occasion he did not miss.

Enough said.

LATEST ISSUES

THE BRAVE AND BOLD WEEKLY

All kinds of stories that boys like. The biggest and best nickel's worth ever offered.

HIGH ART COLORED COVERS.

32 BIG PAGES.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

- 274—Far Below the Equator; or, Gordon Keith in the Land of Revolution. By Lawrence White, Jr.
275—Pranks and Perils; or, The Black Sheep of the Burrages. By Ernest A. Young.
276—Lost in the Ice; or, Two Boys' Adventures in the Polar World. By John De Morgan.
277—Simple Simon; or, The Fellow They Took for a Fool. By Herbert Bellwood.
278—Among the Arab Slave Raiders; or, Gordon Keith in the Wilds of Africa. By Lawrence White, Jr.

- 279—The Phantom Boy; or, Young Railroaders of Tower Ten. By Weldon J. Cobb.
280—Round-the-world Boys; or, The Search for the Great Pink Pearl. By Fred Thorpe.
281—Bob, the Hoodoo; or, The Luck a Gold Horseshoe Brought. By the author of "Walt, the Wonder Worker."
282—Gordon Keith, Diver Detective; or, A Treasure Search Under the Sea. By Lawrence White, Jr.
283—In the Woods; or, The Adventures of Four Young Campers. By Frank Sheridan.

THE TIP TOP WEEKLY

The most popular publication for boys. The adventures of Frank and Dick Merriwell can be had only in this weekly.

HIGH ART COLORED COVERS.

32 BIG PAGES.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

- 622—Dick Merriwell's Staunchness; or, Standing by a Friend.
623—Dick Merriwell's Match; or, The Fellow Who Failed.
624—Frank Merriwell's Hard Case; or, The Boy Who Would Not Try.
625—Frank Merriwell's Helper; or, The Assistance of Ralph Sand.
626—Frank Merriwell's Doubts; or, The Wizard of the Water Swimming Tank.

- 627—Frank Merriwell's "Phenom"; or, The Untrained Wonder.
628—Dick Merriwell's Stand; or, A Fight Against Prejudice.
629—Dick Merriwell's Circle; or, Crossing the Charmed Line.
630—Dick Merriwell's Reach; or, The Twist of the Wizard's Wrist.
631—Dick Merriwell's Money; or, Playing a Losing Game.
632—Dick Merriwell Watched; or, The Secret of the Shadow.

THE NICK CARTER WEEKLY

The best detective stories on earth. Nick Carter's exploits are read the world over.

HIGH ART COLORED COVERS.

32 BIG PAGES.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

- 588—A Victim of Magic; or, Nick Carter's Struggle With a Human Tiger.
589—A Plot Within a Palace; or, Nick Carter's Royal Client.
590—The Countess Seta's Defence; or, Nick Carter in the Palace of a King.
591—The Princess' Last Effort; or, Nick Carter Wields a Royal Scepter.

- 592—The Two Lost Chittendens; or, Nick Carter's Clue by Cable.
593—Miguel, the Avenger; or, Nick Carter Among the Mexican Bandits.
594—Eulalia, the Bandit Queen; or, Nick Carter's Chase Across the Mountains.
595—The Crystal Mystery; or, Nick Carter and the Magic Eye.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

STREET & SMITH

Publishers

79-89 SEVENTH AVE., N. Y.

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Weeklies and cannot procure them from your newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Fill out the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the weeklies you want and we will send them to you by return mail. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

STREET & SMITH, 79 Seventh Ave., New York.

190

Dear Sirs:—Enclosed please find.....cents for which send me:

.....copies of TIP TOP WEEKLY.....

..... " " NICK CARTER WEEKLY.....

..... " " DIAMOND DICK WEEKLY.....

..... " " BUFFALO BILL STORIES.....

..... " " BRAVE AND BOLD WEEKLY.....

Name.....Street.....City.....State.....

BUFFALO BILL STORIES

ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY

BEAUTIFUL COLORED COVERS

There is no need of our telling American readers how interesting the stories of the adventures of Buffalo Bill, as scout and plainsman, really are. These stories have been read exclusively in this weekly for many years, and are voted to be masterpieces dealing with Western adventure.

Buffalo Bill is more popular to-day than he ever was, and, consequently, everybody ought to know all there is to know about him. In no manner can you become so thoroughly acquainted with the actual habits and life of this great man, as by reading the **BUFFALO BILL STORIES**.

We give herewith a list of all of the back numbers in print. You can have your news-dealer order them or they will be sent direct by the publishers to any address upon receipt of the price in money or postage-stamps.

388—Buffalo Bill's Desperate Plight.....	5	468—Buffalo Bill's Fleeta Night.....	5	549—Buffalo Bill and the Klan of Kan...	5
390—Buffalo Bill and the Yelping Crew....	5	469—Buffalo Bill and the Hatchet Boys....	5	550—Buffalo Bill and the Sorceress.....	5
391—Buffalo Bill's Guiding Hand.....	5	470—Buffalo Bill and the Mining Shark....	5	551—Buffalo Bill in the Ute Outbreak....	5
392—Buffalo Bill's Queer Quest.....	5	471—Buffalo Bill and the Cattle Barons....	5	552—Buffalo Bill and the Border Belle....	5
393—Buffalo Bill's Prize "Get-away".....	5	472—Buffalo Bill's Long Odds.....	5	553—Buffalo Bill's Lost Trail.....	5
394—Buffalo Bill's Hurricane Hustle.....	5	473—Buffalo Bill, the Peacemaker.....	5	554—Buffalo Bill's Clever Capture.....	5
395—Buffalo Bill's Star Play.....	5	474—Buffalo Bill's Promise to Pay.....	5	555—Buffalo Bill and the White Chief....	5
396—Buffalo Bill's Bluff.....	5	475—Buffalo Bill's Diamond Hitch.....	5	556—Buffalo Bill and the Gambler.....	5
397—Buffalo Bill's Trackers.....	5	476—Buffalo Bill and the Wheel of Fate....	5	557—Buffalo Bill and the Black Parson....	5
398—Buffalo Bill's Dutch Pard.....	5	477—Buffalo Bill and the Pool of Mystery...	5	558—Buffalo Bill and the Toll Takers....	5
399—Buffalo Bill and the Bravo.....	5	481—Buffalo Bill's Ultimatum.....	5	559—Buffalo Bill and the Blue Masks....	5
400—Buffalo Bill and the Quaker.....	5	482—Buffalo Bill's Test.....	5	560—Buffalo Bill and the Valley Terrors...	5
401—Buffalo Bill's Package of Death.....	5	483—Buffalo Bill and the Ponca Raiders....	5	561—Buffalo Bill and the Rancho King....	5
402—Buffalo Bill's Private War.....	5	484—Buffalo Bill's Boldest Stroke.....	5	562—Buffalo Bill and the Affair of Honor...	5
404—Buffalo Bill and the Trouble Hunter....	5	485—Buffalo Bill's Enigma.....	5	563—Buffalo Bill and the Ranger Robbers...	5
405—Buffalo Bill and the Rope Wizard.....	5	486—Buffalo Bill's Blockade.....	5	564—Buffalo Bill's Blizzard Pards.....	5
407—Buffalo Bill Among the Cheyennes....	5	487—Buffalo Bill and the Gilded Clique....	5	565—Buffalo Bill's Indian Allies.....	5
408—Buffalo Bill Besieged.....	5	489—Buffalo Bill and the Boomers.....	5	566—Buffalo Bill Snowbound.....	5
409—Buffalo Bill and the Red Hand.....	5	490—Buffalo Bill Calls a Halt.....	5	567—Buffalo Bill's Chivalry.....	5
410—Buffalo Bill's Tree-trunk Drift.....	5	492—Buffalo Bill's O. K.....	5	568—Buffalo Bill on the Mexican Border....	5
411—Buffalo Bill and the Specter.....	5	494—Buffalo Bill's Transfer.....	5	569—Buffalo Bill and the Conspirator Cap-	5
412—Buffalo Bill and the Red Feathers....	5	495—Buffalo Bill and the Red Horse Hunt-	5	tain.....	5
413—Buffalo Bill's King Stroke.....	5	ers.....	5	570—Buffalo Bill and the Mysterious	5
414—Buffalo Bill, the Desert Cyclone.....	5	496—Buffalo Bill's Dangerous Duty.....	5	Ranchero.....	5
415—Buffalo Bill's Cumbres Scouts.....	5	498—Buffalo Bill's Tinaja Wells.....	5	571—Buffalo Bill on the Salt Lake Trail....	5
416—Buffalo Bill and the Man-wolf.....	5	499—Buffalo Bill and the Men of Mendon....	5	572—Buffalo Bill and the Overland Out-	5
417—Buffalo Bill and His Winged Pard....	5	500—Buffalo Bill at Rainbow's End.....	5	laws.....	5
418—Buffalo Bill at Babylon Bar.....	5	501—Buffalo Bill and the Russian Plot....	5	573—Buffalo Bill and the Boy Regulators...	5
419—Buffalo Bill's Long Arm.....	5	502—Buffalo Bill's Red Triangle.....	5	574—Buffalo Bill and the Red Buzzards....	5
421—Buffalo Bill's Steel Arm Pard.....	5	503—Buffalo Bill's Royal Flush.....	5	575—Buffalo Bill and the Red Butterfly....	5
422—Buffalo Bill's Aztec Guide.....	5	504—Buffalo Bill's Tramp Pard.....	5	576—Buffalo Bill and the Valley Vigi-	5
423—Buffalo Bill and Little Firefly.....	5	506—Buffalo Bill's Crow Scouts.....	5	lantes.....	5
424—Buffalo Bill in the Azte City.....	5	507—Buffalo Bill's Opium Case.....	5	577—Buffalo Bill and the Silk Lasso.....	5
425—Buffalo Bill's Balloon Escape.....	5	508—Buffalo Bill's Witchcraft.....	5	578—Buffalo Bill and the Gold Boomers....	5
427—Buffalo Bill's Border War.....	5	509—Buffalo Bill's Mountain Foes.....	5	579—Buffalo Bill in Lost Valley.....	5
428—Buffalo Bill's Mexican Mix-up.....	5	510—Buffalo Bill's Battle Cry.....	5	580—Buffalo Bill and the Apache Dwarfs...	5
429—Buffalo Bill and the Gamecock.....	5	511—Buffalo Bill's Fight for the Right....	5	581—Buffalo Bill and the Red Rattlers....	5
430—Buffalo Bill and the Cheyenne Raiders...	5	512—Buffalo Bill's Barbecue.....	5	582—Buffalo Bill's Outlaw Allies.....	5
431—Buffalo Bill's Whirlwind Finish.....	5	513—Buffalo Bill and the Red Renegade....	5	583—Buffalo Bill's Queer Pard.....	5
432—Buffalo Bill's Santa Fe Secret.....	5	514—Buffalo Bill and the Apache Kid.....	5	584—Buffalo Bill's Strange Prisoner.....	5
433—Buffalo Bill and the Taos Terror.....	5	515—Buffalo Bill at the Copper Barriers...	5	585—Buffalo Bill's Daring Drover.....	5
434—Buffalo Bill's Bracelet of Gold.....	5	516—Buffalo Bill's Pacific Power.....	5	586—Buffalo Bill's Young Trailer.....	5
435—Buffalo Bill and the Border Baron....	5	517—Buffalo Bill and Chief Hawkechee....	5	587—Buffalo Bill and the War Hawk.....	5
436—Buffalo Bill at Salt River Ranch.....	5	518—Buffalo Bill and the Indian Girl.....	5	588—Buffalo Bill's Strange Pursuit.....	5
437—Buffalo Bill's Panhandle Man-hunt....	5	519—Buffalo Bill Across the Rio Grande....	5	589—Buffalo Bill's Death Trap.....	5
438—Buffalo Bill at Blossom Range.....	5	520—Buffalo Bill and the Headless Horse-	5	590—Buffalo Bill's Hard Chase.....	5
439—Buffalo Bill and Juniper Joe.....	5	man.....	5	591—Buffalo Bill in the Black Hills....	5
440—Buffalo Bill's Final Scoop.....	5	521—Buffalo Bill's Clean Sweep.....	5		
441—Buffalo Bill at Clearwater.....	5	522—Buffalo Bill's Handful of Pearls....	5		
442—Buffalo Bill's Winning Hand.....	5	523—Buffalo Bill's Pueblo Foes.....	5		
443—Buffalo Bill's Cinch Claim.....	5	524—Buffalo Bill's Taos Totem.....	5		
444—Buffalo Bill's Comrades.....	5	525—Buffalo Bill and the Pawnee Prophet...	5		
445—Buffalo Bill in the Bad Lands.....	5	526—Buffalo Bill and Old Vanderoo.....	5		
446—Buffalo Bill and the Boy Bugler.....	5	527—Buffalo Bill's Merry War.....	5		
447—Buffalo Bill and the Heathen Chinee...	5	528—Buffalo Bill and Grizzly Dan.....	5		
448—Buffalo Bill and the Chink War.....	5	529—Buffalo Bill at Lone Tree Gap.....	5		
450—Buffalo Bill's Secret Message.....	5	530—Buffalo Bill's Trail of Death.....	5		
451—Buffalo Bill and the Horde of Her-	5	531—Buffalo Bill at Cimarron Bar.....	5		
mosa.....	5	532—Buffalo Bill and the Shuce Robber....	5		
452—Buffalo Bill's Lonesome Trail.....	5	533—Buffalo Bill on Lost River.....	5		
453—Buffalo Bill's Quarry.....	5	534—Buffalo Bill's Thunderbolt.....	5		
454—Buffalo Bill in Deadwood.....	5	535—Buffalo Bill's Sioux Circus.....	5		
455—Buffalo Bill's First Aid.....	5	536—Buffalo Bill's Sioux Tackle.....	5		
456—Buffalo Bill and Old Moonlight.....	5	537—Buffalo Bill and the Talking Statue....	5		
457—Buffalo Bill Repaid.....	5	538—Buffalo Bill's Medicine Trail.....	5		
458—Buffalo Bill's Throwback.....	5	539—Buffalo Bill and the Knife Wizard....	5		
459—Buffalo Bill's "Sight Unseen".....	5	540—Buffalo Bill and the Red Bedouins....	5		
460—Buffalo Bill's New Pard.....	5	541—Buffalo Bill and the Prairie Corsairs...	5		
461—Buffalo Bill's "Winged Victory".....	5	542—Buffalo Bill's Scarlet Pick-up.....	5		
462—Buffalo Bill's Pieces-of-eight.....	5	543—Buffalo Bill's Mental Magic.....	5		
463—Buffalo Bill and the Eight Vaqueros....	5	544—Buffalo Bill and the Lost Indian.....	5		
464—Buffalo Bill's Unlucky Siesta.....	5	545—Buffalo Bill's Conquest.....	5		
465—Buffalo Bill's Apache Clue.....	5	546—Buffalo Bill's Waif of the West.....	5		
466—Buffalo Bill and the Apache Totem....	5	547—Buffalo Bill's Juggle With Fate....	5		
467—Buffalo Bill's Golden Wonder.....	5	548—Buffalo Bill and the Basilisk.....	5		

NEW BUFFALO BILL WEEKLY

1—Buffalo Bill's Blind Lead.....	5
2—Buffalo Bill's Bold Work.....	5
3—Buffalo Bill Resieged.....	5
4—Buffalo Bill Turns the Tables.....	5
5—Buffalo Bill at Bay.....	5
6—Buffalo Bill's Defense.....	5
7—Buffalo Bill and the Amazon.....	5
8—Buffalo Bill's Escape.....	5
9—Buffalo Bill's Blockhouse.....	5
10—Buffalo Bill's Cañon Cache.....	5
11—Buffalo Bill's Dead Drop.....	5
12—Buffalo Bill's Government Mission....	5
13—Buffalo Bill's Blindfold Duel.....	5
14—Buffalo Bill's Mexican Feud.....	5
15—Buffalo Bill's Still Hunt.....	5
16—Buffalo Bill's Fiercest Fight.....	5
17—Buffalo Bill's Navaho Ally.....	5
18—Buffalo Bill's Best Shot.....	5
19—Buffalo Bill's Girl Pard.....	5
20—Buffalo Bill's Eagle Eye.....	5
21—Buffalo Bill's Arizona Alliance.....	5
22—Buffalo Bill's Mexican Adventure....	5
23—Buffalo Bill After the Bandits.....	5
24—Buffalo Bill's Red Trailer.....	5

If you want any back numbers of our weeklies and cannot procure them from your newsdealer, they can be obtained direct from this office. Postage-stamps taken in the same as money.

STREET & SMITH, PUBLISHERS, 79-89 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY